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NOTICE.—A Literary Supplement appears with the SATURDAY REVIEW this week gratis.

We beg leave to state that we decline to return or to enter into correspondence as to rejected communications; and to this rule we can make no exception. Manuscripts not acknowledged within four weeks are rejected.

NOTES OF THE WEEK.

Lord Rosebery, wandering amiably and it may be aimlessly upon his peculiar plane, above politics and below literature, often comes upon excellent notions. As the Peri of politics he is without rival, almost without competitors. He seems to live in a land where it is always morning; where everything is fresh and full of promise but nothing reaches fulfilment. There never was a time when the nation stood more in need of being reminded of the duty of thinking. One may almost say there are no thinkers; and Lord Rosebery spoke the reminder with a charm of style which will render his moral popular, in the best sense of the term. His ideas came freshly, though he taught an old lesson. He might very well have been dipping into Hobbes; that philosopher's interests were of just the same politico-philosophical nature. He made almost exactly the same remarks as Lord Rosebery on the value of thinking more and reading less, and the sub-title of one of his works sounds like an anticipatory summing up of Lord Rosebery's public orations: what better description of them could be found than "Philosophical Rudiments of Government and Society"?

It is unfortunate that Lord Rosebery, who had so felicitously put his finger on one weak spot in our time, should so signally fail to diagnose, or rather should have diagnosed the national case falsely, as he did, in pointing to the average man as the real source of strength or weakness in the country. To say the spring, the initiative, the new force must be looked for in the people as a whole is never true, or, if we do look for it there, we shall never find it, and perhaps it was never so conspicuously untrue as at the present moment. It is the worship of the man in the street that is preventing improvement. What we want is exceptional men, men who can lead, men whom the multitude will follow. Education should be directed to

that end far more than to slightly elevating the middle height. Lord Rosebery is doing mischief when he says we cannot expect always to have great men. If we expect them, we shall get them.

In the rudiments of historical parallelism, which he unfolded in his new capacity as High Steward of Kingston, he might have found other and yet more apt comparisons between past and present. Queen Elizabeth, he said, was remarkable for "stinginess" and even starved the sailors who saved their country by defeating the Armada; but at the same time he deprecated any comparison between the Spanish war, when England was fighting for her life, and this little war in South Africa. But if the wars are not comparable the stinginess, or the muddling that gives the appearance of stinginess, is. On the day that Lord Rosebery was speaking a number of the Yeomanry who had re-enlisted for service in South Africa were reported missing. They are thought to have disappeared as the only effective method remaining of getting out of the War Office their arrears of pay. The case is a very close parallel to the protests which were rife in the Navy under Elizabeth's rule, though there is one important difference to disturb the accuracy of the comparison. Queen Elizabeth and her advisers had genius and common-sense.

Mr. Asquith is not often humorous—a certain ponderousness of the Gibbon ring is his worst fault as a speaker—but in his speech at Edinburgh on Wednesday he was both intentionally and unintentionally humorous. We should think it possible that even the "vehicle and the victim of the nine days imposture" would be able to see the humour of Mr. Asquith's telling of the story of the "great cheque". At any rate, if it does not, it will be without a single companion in its dulness. But Mr. Asquith's humour did not end there. There was a most amusing touch—though probably unintentional this time—in his description of Liberals and Nationalists in the future "fighting in the same lobby". Irresistibly it suggests scenes in the House in which the Irish have usually figured not inconspicuously. Mr. Asquith is likely enough a good prophet in this instance.

As political opponent we have no particular quarrel with the whole speech. We agree with Mr. Asquith's dictum as to the unwholesomeness of pretending to cover up differences of which everyone is perfectly

aware; but were we Liberal Imperialists, we should be thinking that he might well have stuck more closely to that text. If the Liberal party can free itself of its Home Rule entanglements, can convince the country that it is not untrue to the Empire, and devote itself to the Navy, to Education, to Drink (rather the abatement of drink), it will be doing the nation's work—whether well or ill is a different question, which the prospect of Liberal government is by no means near enough to suggest the necessity of considering. But if they are going to stick steadfastly to Cobdenism (by which we do not mean Cobden's own views but the Liberal perversion of them), they will be ploughing the sand and will relapse into Houndsditch. Mr. Asquith is very right in warning his hearers not to treat the revolt against our present fiscal system of free imports as a jest. When the Conservative element that was brought up under the spell of the free-trade fetish has died off, Liberals, as Mr. Asquith is evidently beginning to realise with fear, will be surprised to find how numerous and how strong these "fiscal charlatans" are. Calling names will not avail much then.

At the first blush Mr. Chamberlain showed much the same courage in his speech to temperance reformers in Birmingham as in a previous speech on old age pensions to the representatives of the Friendly Societies. But there was craft as well as courage in his refusal to flatter the prejudices of his audience. To some extent he was a Government apologist; the temperance party, though they are always displeased with every government, had true cause of complaint at the way in which the Sale of Intoxicants to Children Bill had been whittled down. But though Mr. Chamberlain's attack on the intolerance of teetotalers and the futility of much legislation was a diplomatic move, it showed sound sense as well as safe strategy. Legislation is useless unless there is a very strong force of public opinion behind it; but it is well to remember that the immense wealth of the brewing interest is apt to give a wrong impression of the quality of the general opinion on the subject. In some other countries at any rate legislation founded on the knowledge of human prejudice has had considerable effect. In Massachusetts, for instance, the law which ordained that the windows of every public-house must be low and fully open to view was found to have an immediate and lasting effect. Taking advantage of such a small personal prejudice as a reluctance to drink in public produced more effect on the temperance of the state than the most drastic of laws.

Mr. Chamberlain's opponents will be amused at his supposition that he is less "audacious" now than in his salad days. Perhaps he meant that he could direct his audacity better. It was an oratorical and not quite candid device first to speak with apologetic humour of the temerity of the young politician and then to revive the memory of the proposal of his youth with the object of casting the onus of its rejection on the temperance party. If it was a good scheme—and it has many of the merits of the Gothenburg system—then Mr. Chamberlain as a courageous and consistent politician should have continued to preach the same doctrine. If it was vitiated by excess of youthful sentiment, then there is no blame attached to those who brought about its rejection. It was an astonishing indication of Mr. Chamberlain's parliamentary skill that he managed more or less to carry with him an audience whom he was accusing, in Mr. Jowett's phrase, of a tendency to become drunk on water. The temperance party would do well to follow his suggestions so far as they recommended more respect for an opportunist policy. On this point they could scarcely have found a politician better qualified to tender advice than Mr. Chamberlain.

The capture of Scheepers represents the conclusion of yet another successful campaign by General French. It is curious and not quite satisfactory that in all quarters, in the War Office as well as among the general public, his record of achievement has been insufficiently appreciated. Two years ago he won the first great battle of the war at Elands-laagte. Slipping south before Ladysmith was beleaguered, he checked

the invasion of the Cape by prolonged and most skilful manoeuvres with a handful of troops in the Stormberg district. On the arrival of Roberts he gave up the work to General Gatacre and was at the head of the famous march into Kimberley. He did valuable work during all the march to Pretoria, met with astonishing success in the clearing operations of the North-East Transvaal and when that was finished he was sent five months ago to arrest the schemes of De Wet and Kruitziuger in the Cape. The nature of the country and the universality of the treachery made the task as difficult as it was undramatic. Kruitziuger and De Wet were driven back across the Orange River and the commandoes which were to prepare the way, though they once got within forty miles of the sea, were broken up and demoralised. But for the hunting out of scattered rebels from the mountain kloofs this latest and most valuable of General French's tasks is concluded. The little marauding expedition reported this week, though an instance of great boldness, comes when the serious danger is over.

The weekly returns of the columns are smaller than they have been for some time. The reason chiefly lies in the interruption of communication and the check on mobility caused by the heavy rains. At the same time it is satisfactory so far as it goes that again more than 2,000 horses have been captured. The chief interest has centred in Botha's retreat from Natal. The Natal volunteers who were suddenly called out have been publicly thanked and disbanded, as if to give a sort of dramatic advertisement of Botha's fiasco. He has marched with the larger number of his troops rapidly to the north and we are asked to believe that he is within a cordon. If he is rightly located it is true enough that he is in the centre of three converging columns; but the faith placed in the probability of their finding Botha still at the same spot when they touch hands resembles the expectation of small boys who throw stones at sparrows. They sometimes aim straight but by some "rank bad luck" the sparrow flies away too soon. Still it is something to make him disappear and the prevalence of floods makes the chance of a coup more probable. Even a Boer cannot find a way round a river in full flood.

The appointments to the First and Second Army Corps have been generally accepted as a negation of Mr. Brodrick's scheme of army reform: but none of the critics has pointed to the absence of all evidence that the humbler objects of Army Reform, such as a change in the peace administration of the War Office, and in the machinery for obtaining recruits, are being secured; and Sir Charles Dilke in his speech on the subject was as superficial as the rest. A great deal has been promised; a good deal is every now and then rumoured; but very little indeed seems to be done. It used to be related of the late General Oakes—that tough old cavalry officer of the old school—that, when a subaltern was once drilling a regiment under the General's inspection, things came to a complete standstill and not a horse or man any longer moved. The subaltern explained in a low tone that he did not know what word of command to give next. "Never mind your word of command", answered the General, "but for God's sake keep them moving! Make them do something!" It is unnecessary to explain the suggested application of this story. "Something"—in fact anything—would be a great deal more satisfactory than nothing at all.

Diplomatic negotiations between Turkey and France are moving on by slow stages to indecisive conclusions. The Sultan has made a promise, with rather more parade of serious intentions than usual, to pay over at once "on account" a portion of the Lorando claim. He is even attempting to organise a loan to enable him to pay the whole. But he is not less aware than of old of the value of procrastination and in the meanwhile the absence of the two ambassadors at the two capitals does not seem to make much practical difference. Next week however France will probably make some sort of ultimatum, but it is not unlikely that her financial demands will have been restricted in the interval in deference to Russia's wishes. To such an extent delay

will have been on the Sultan's side; but he will still be in a difficult position. He has a pressing creditor, who is the bigger man, at his elbow, and he has not got the money to pay him. The want of money is no doubt largely the Sultan's own fault, but the confession of his past sins will not help him out of present difficulties.

Habibullah Khan has succeeded his father without causing any considerable disturbance in political relations. By way of symbolic allegiance the chiefs and people have handed over to him the Koran and the sword and belt worn by the late Amir and he himself has issued a proclamation which is likely to make his popularity in the country great. He promises to reduce the land revenue and the taxes and to raise the pay of the army. But though there are no signs of impending disturbance in Afghanistan it is significant that the Russian press with shameless consistency is urging its Government to an aggressive policy. Different papers point to English difficulties elsewhere, suggest without an effort at concealment that the buffer state should be done away with, that a pretender should be put on the throne, that Russia should march on Herat, that Koweit should be given to Russia, that as the death of the Amir embarrasses England Russia should become aggressive wherever it is possible. Though these vapourings are not likely to issue in immediate action, the simultaneous publishing of such sentiments is a proof of the quality of Russian ambitions in the near East. If Russia does not want India she wants to get within striking distance; and the Russian press will approve of any display of cool impudence in the fulfilment of this desire.

We have now a full outline of the results of the expedition under Major Austin which left Omdurman last December to explore the Abyssinian boundary. The exploration demanded almost as much skill, courage and endurance as an Arctic expedition. Of the fifty-nine who started from Omdurman only fourteen were alive when Lake Baringo was reached. Every sort of difficulty had to be faced. When they left the river they had to traverse deserts and endless swamps and the men and animals suffered grievously from want of water. At the beginning of April the expedition reached the Sacchi river where Major Austin by a wonderful chance found a trace of perhaps the only European who had entered that part of the country: the relic was a silk handkerchief belonging to the Italian explorer Bottego. Soon afterwards Major Austin joined up with his previous survey from Mombasa, but his greatest difficulties were yet to come. Supplies ran short, heavy rains altered the character of the country and a long détour was necessary to reach Lake Rudolph. Even when they reached the lake they had to keep up a running fight with "a tribe of naked giants" and did not reach a place of safety for another month. A hopeful feature of the expedition was the extreme loyalty and gallantry of the Sudanese soldiers: Egypt has not been occupied in vain.

Discussing the last Indian Budget we called attention to the prospect of great increase in railways throughout India. Lord George Hamilton in answer to a letter of Mr. Baird confesses to the increased demand for locomotives and apologises for having placed an order in Germany. Other orders are being held over because the English firms already busy with supplying orders from South Africa cannot take up the contracts. But when the war is over the needs of South Africa will not decrease for many years and, unless a change in the organisation or activity of English manufactures comes about, orders will continue to be delayed or given outside the Empire. Lord George Hamilton, who has been wise enough to consult with Lord Curzon, has made one good move. A conference of Indian railway engineers has been convened for December to discuss the whole question. It is hoped that if the inquirers will give the trade a longer warning of what the probable requirements would be, English firms would be able to compete in speed and price with Germans and Americans. If also a standardisation of locomotives could be adopted, the uncertainty

of anticipation would be further diminished. The proposals are the most statesmanlike method yet suggested of meeting the growing danger of loss of trade.

The verdict of the court-martial on the surviving officer of the "Cobra" was such as everyone expected. The vessel did not touch the ground or meet with any obstruction; her loss was attributed entirely to structural weakness. Everything was sacrificed to lightness and speed; and though it is held that speed will be the most valuable quality in the next naval war it is neither good morality nor good policy to build a ship that cannot face half a gale. The "Cobra" was not built by the Admiralty but purchased from private constructors because there was a deficiency in the number of destroyers laid down in the Admiralty scheme. It is said that vessels so purchased have seldom been a success; but this is certainly not true in respect of older naval history. The point is that the development of such vessels has gone on too fast and nothing short of a disaster would check the ambition of designers. It is the pace that kills; and there are signs that some other destroyers are liable to disaster from the same mistake of specialising in speed. Though the "Cobra" carried seventy-three tons of machinery more than a destroyer built by the same firm five years ago, the scantlings were confessed at the court-martial to be only "about the same". This was an experiment with a vengeance.

Almost the whole scientific world in one way or another has done honour to Professor Virchow on the celebration of his eightieth birthday. He won fame nearly half a century ago and is in the almost unique position of seeing his early dicta quoted in the textbooks as the standard utterance. Usually in science a conclusion becomes out of date almost as soon as a sermon; but Professor Virchow in his first famous article on cellular pathology made good his claim to remembrance, after the manner of Galileo. He gave the science a new direction and scope, and by his astonishing mental vigour has kept himself for fifty years in advance of all his pupils. He is still a hard worker at science, but fortunately has given up the political and municipal activities to which he was for many years devoted. Men of science, no less than philosophers may, as Plato holds, make the best politicians, but science cannot spare them. By his knowledge he has reduced the sum of human pain infinitely more than any man alive, and he is still enlarging the world's knowledge of the treatment of disease. It is curious that almost on the day of the anniversary the tubercular theory of his great opponent Dr. Koch began to be tested scientifically.

Theorists on the housing question should take note of an inquest held at Southwark on Tuesday. The Coroner, while he was medical officer of health for the district, had long ago condemned the block of buildings which were under discussion; but the County Council had entirely passed over these buildings, though they had taken notice of his less important recommendations in other areas. In the room where the woman died she and her husband and four of the children slept, the two beds occupying the whole of the room except eighteen inches between them. In spite of this scandalous revelation the jury notwithstanding the advice of the foreman refused to direct the attention of the County Council to the locality. Their reason, as the comment of one of the jurymen indicated, was the impossibility of rehousing the people at the same rent. We commend this case to the Medical Officer of the County Council who insists that if the coercive law as to overcrowding were strictly enforced, the housing question would be practically settled. The difficulty is obstinately arithmetical: the number of people in poorer London are in excess of the house accommodation on the basis of the L. G. B. bye-laws; and no executive has either the courage or the inhumanity to turn out large numbers of indigent people into the streets. Some might find their way to the country, but a large number would die on the doorsteps or in a widely extended fracas.

There are people it appears who even yet think that what calls itself the National Free Labour Association is of importance, and its general president and general secretary serious persons. Reports in newspapers seem to suggest this, though they may mean only that newspapers cannot stop to inquire into the antecedents or bona fides of any public show which calls itself "national" however rubbishy it may be in reality. But when a paper actually thinks it worth while to write a solemn article on the Association we can only suppose it must be on the principle that it thinks any stick is good enough to beat a dog with—the dog in this case being trade unions. The trade unions no doubt deserve many hard things that are said of them, but they would have to lose all their merits, and take to themselves a legion more faults than they have, to deserve that such as Mr. Chandler and Mr. Collinson should be puffed for discharging their mercenary venom at them. Surely the papers on the "free labour" side can manage without taking to themselves such partners.

With amusing solemnity the "Standard" remarks "They perhaps allow too little for the increasing complexity of modern life, which renders public action necessary in many departments from which it used to be excluded". That is pretty; it might be supposed that Messrs. Chandler and Collinson had come within an ace of solving all industrial problems out of their own heads. The only serious thought they have ever given to any industrial question in the past, or are likely to give in the future, is the grave financial one of keeping the offices of the Association open and getting "sixty delegates" to meet once a year to give them countenance in playing the farce to the public. Why cannot they leave "unorganised labour" alone to make ideal free contracts with employers? They would only lose the fees of their registry office.

Dr. Moore in the Harveian oration this year had a very satisfactory and indeed a very important announcement to make, though not in the way of scientific discovery. A lectureship in the History of Medicine, he said, was to be founded at the College of Physicians out of a benefaction of the widow of a very distinguished fellow of the college. To many this day it seems strange that this gap in the college course should have been unfilled so long. But it is only recently that the importance of the historic point has been recognised. It is the same in literature and in art. Dr. Moore's lecture (it is absurd to call a read address an oration) was unusually interesting to the untechnical hearer; it gave a pleasant picture of Harvey's friends and social environment. In some ways it was a Hymn of Praise to the College of Physicians; praise certainly deserved. "Hymn" is an apposite word, for Dr. Moore dwelt on the number of poets the College has contained from Harvey's time. Nor is it without its poet now, for among its alumni it counts Robert Bridges.

The stock markets during the past week have been far from active although investment buying is perhaps slightly larger. There has been considerable selling, principally on Paris account, in Consols and also in Colonial Government securities and although movements have been irregular the tendency remains good. Just at present English railways are more or less neglected, although hopes are entertained that with the decrease in working expenses, and the continued increase in traffic receipts, prices will improve and business become more active. American rails were in a see-saw condition until the latter part of the week when prices improved considerably on strong support from New York. As far as this side is concerned, business done is purely professional the general public still holding off. Copper shares are still weak although showing slight improvement on the worst quotations. The mining section of the "House" is generally dull—Rhodesians weak on the reported illness of Mr. Cecil Rhodes, and West Australians on continued rumours of financial difficulties among some of the dealers in this market. Bank rate remains unchanged 3 per cent. (13 June).

THE CANKER IN THE ARMY.

IT can no longer be hidden from the world that our unfortunate army is now the arena of a series of struggles and jealousies of which the public catch a glimpse merely now and again as in the case of the Buller controversy. Twenty years ago the so-called "Ashanti Ring" was striving to assert itself and destroy all who did not fall down and worship its prophet. We now have the inevitable reaction of what was then the opposition, and the "Simla Ring", so often spoken of as looming in the future, has asserted its power. It was inevitable that in the first crash of the opposing factions there should be some huge catastrophes and, inasmuch as some of the more important members of the late system had obviously occupied their positions too long for the public good, such a condition of things was not unexpected, nor indeed unwelcome. But in the general crash many lesser lights, whose fate it has been to move in the spheres of influence of the greater ones, have found themselves put out. It may be said that such a condition of things is inevitable, but a moment's reflection will show what a serious public danger lies at the root of the acceptance of such a principle. It is universally admitted that the only hope of our obtaining an effective army is to employ the very best men available for every military appointment. With an army run on the party or "Ring" line, it is plain that all the more energetic and able men who force themselves to the front under one régime must in the nature of things become "marked", with the result that when one "Ring" goes out the incoming "Ring" views with suspicion and distrust all those whom it suspects of belonging to the rival faction.

Already this deplorable spirit is making itself but too apparent, and we see some of our ablest and best educated officers ignored, and their services thus lost to the State solely because fate brought them into the military world during another military epoch. Nothing could better vindicate the truth of the Duke of Cambridge's axiom that there must be no opposite schools or factions in the army. The gravity of the present controversy is not lessened by the fact that there is a ludicrous element of unreality in the whole affair. Mr. Brodrick in his highly imaginative and picturesque scheme of Army Reform was led to state a truism known and accepted by all competent soldiers and students of the history of the world—that the men who lead soldiers in battle should be charged with their previous training in peace-time. Unwisely he deviated from optimistic generality and expressed his intention of applying this admirable principle to the leaders of the "six Army Corps" he was about to create; how, when or where he did not divulge. It is therefore not altogether surprising that, when the first three appointments were made, critics should arise and ask whether these were in consonance with the aforesaid promise. And here we may point out how absurd it is for the public to take our army rulers seriously. The question, as we understand it, is, are the men who are in command of our army corps in peace-time also to command them in presence of the enemy? If so, the reply is obvious, that no men are in command of our army corps at present, for there are no army corps to command. We might add that with the present difficulties of recruiting and supplying the enormous wastage which must take place when the great mass of reservists and time-expired men are released from service in South Africa the chances of our ever having army corps, save with the aid of some form of conscription, are extremely remote. Take for example the 1st Army Corps at Aldershot of which the nominal strength is 30,000 men and over 100 field guns. Do the critics who are wasting so much energy and ink over the proper training of this compact and highly organised force realise what its actual strength is? To give it precisely might be to "give information to the press" of a nature so startling as to do harm. We will therefore merely indicate that if the nominal strength be divided by one hundred—a fairly close approximation will be arrived at as to the number of "duty men" now serving at Aldershot

who are medically fit and of suitable age to take the field.

According to the Regulations, it would appear that the difference in pay of a general commanding a district (such as Aldershot) and an army corps is a trifle of £400 a year. Whatever meanness may be attributed to our Treasury in their payment of officers and men who have been incapacitated on service, it must be allowed that Sir Redvers Buller is very fairly recompensed for the anxiety and extra work caused by training these men at about £1 a head. Anybody desirous of studying this question further is referred to the Monthly Army List where full information is given as to the battalions and regiments available for service abroad. Their fitness to go is another matter. To turn to the Second Army Corps, where the appointment of Sir Evelyn Wood has raised a great outcry and that perhaps with more reason than the public in general are aware. It is ever an ungrateful task to expose the shortcomings of any soldier, but the ridiculous letters in the press eulogising this appointment as of a man who has "done so much for the army", and pretending that his sole disqualification is deafness, invite replies which although obvious might be extremely unpleasant. It is true that he enjoyed the confidence of the late Commander-in-Chief, at any rate for many years, and it may be true that there have been determined attempts on the part of the present régime to oust him from his position as Adjutant-General, where his presence was not acceptable. But the point is, is he to command the army corps in war, which he is now training in peace-time? Here the issue is clear: the Government under authority granted by Parliament have secured an extensive piece of country near Salisbury for military purposes. The exact composition of an army corps is clearly laid down in our "Field Army Establishments" and the most careful examination of the area acquired will fail to disclose any single unit which serves to make up that force. In plain English, the appointment of Sir Evelyn Wood is really more of a territorial than of a military nature. The War Office purchases land and elects to call it a "Second Army Corps", having obviously as much a right to do so as to say that "the expression horse includes a mule"—which their Manual of Military Law, with a flash of unconscious humour, actually does say. Because soldiers as a rule preserve a discreet silence, it is not by any means to be assumed that there is nothing to be said on a subject. But when Sir Evelyn's invaluable services are thrown in the face of the army, one is irresistibly reminded of events in the Transvaal, the Soudan, and of his command at Aldershot. Many admirable officers recall the latter days with mixed pleasure, and it is very certain that the friction between some of the Aldershot Staff of that period and the regimental officers was not altogether unconnected with the methods of the chief. At any rate the experiences in South Africa have not vindicated the assumed superiority of the Aldershot Staff—who could do no wrong—over the regimental officer. Few also are aware how highly developed became the art of the "special correspondent" in connexion with the various field days and "night operations" of that period.

Lastly we come to the commander of the Third Army Corps. It is significant that, with all the outcry against the other two commanders and their perfervid defence by their admirers, so little should have been said about this matter. Whatever may be the constitution and strength or weakness of the First Army Corps, or the want of constitution or existence of the Second Army Corps, it must be conceded that the Duke of Connaught has in his command in Ireland some portion of the men, guns and horses which make up such a command. The point remains, is he to command in the field? That he is keen and able is undeniable, and that he has never failed in his duties, or in the high commands he has held, is acknowledged by all. The one charge brought against him, that he is unduly sensitive to public opinion and criticism is, if true, almost the natural incidence to a Royal Prince placed in his position. That this should result in a fear of responsibility is more serious, but there is no proof that, given the

opportunities, he would not rise to the responsibilities. It is said that Queen Victoria would not allow him to go again on active service, but is there any ground for saying that the King holds the same opinions? If there is it would seem almost better to make a rule that no member of the British Royal Family is ever to go into either the Army or Navy. As matters stand, the Duke of Connaught has as good experience as any of command at home and abroad, and it is very certain that all who have been under his command, and who were not prejudiced by other influences have full confidence in him as a thoroughly earnest and capable officer, who has taken great pains to study his profession, and has had more opportunities than most British officers of commanding men.

THE WIREPULLER AND THE WEALTHY OUTSIDER.

IF the "Spectator" intended by the Rhodes-Schnadhorst correspondence merely a stroke of business, we can only congratulate the editor on his commercial instinct, for, to be sure, in these pushing times the thing is to be talked about, whether civilly or the reverse. To be called a liar by Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman and an old fool by Mr. Asquith is distinctly good business, from the manager's point of view, though it might not suit the palate of all editors. But if the journal in question really believed that it had got its nose upon the slot of a serious scandal, and if it is sincere in its moralising upon the attenuated version of the facts which has at length been brought to light, then we are at a loss which to admire most, the priggish innocence of the world discovered by the editor, the astuteness of the late Mr. Schnadhorst, or the childlike simplicity of Mr. Rhodes. The only person who comes well out of the affair is Mr. Charles Boyd, for his recollection of what took place ten years ago turns out to be quite accurate. Mr. Boyd informed our contemporary in the summer that a year before the general election of 1892 Mr. Rhodes gave a cheque for £5,000 to the Liberal party on condition that the policy of evacuating Egypt, at that time advocated by Mr. Morley and hinted at by Mr. Gladstone, should be dropped. It appears from the letters themselves that the first and only condition attached to his gift by Mr. Rhodes was the retention of the Irish members at Westminster, though in a post-script he adds that if the Liberal party is hopeless on the question of Egypt the money must be given to a public charity. Writing almost exactly a year later, and a few months before the dissolution, Mr. Rhodes characteristically drops the Irish members, whose affairs do not interest him at the moment, and declares that "The question of Egypt was the only condition I made", which was not true, any more than the statement which follows that he asked Mr. Schnadhorst at the time to tell Mr. Gladstone about the cheque and the condition. What Mr. Rhodes did write when he sent the cheque was this: "If you feel in honour bound to tell Mr. Gladstone you can do so". Mr. Rhodes then calls upon Mr. Schnadhorst (25 April, 1892), to give the cheque to a public charity in the event of a policy of scuttle out of Egypt being adopted by Mr. Gladstone. Mr. Schnadhorst answered on 4 June, a few weeks before the election, that he understood the money had been given to help Home Rule, that it had already been pledged for electioneering purposes, and that the Liberal party meant to stick to it and Egypt. All of which shows that Mr. Rhodes is a bad man of business and that Mr. Schnadhorst was a good one. It is extraordinary that a man who has handled such big affairs as Mr. Rhodes should be so indifferent about facts and so careless about details, though it ought not to surprise us, for he discovered very much the same defect in his examination before the Raid Committee. However these being the facts, we hold that Mr. Boyd was quite justified in making his statement last August and that Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman owes him an apology. But we are more concerned with the large inferences drawn from these facts by a weekly journal of "blameless antecedents

and"—it is Mr. Asquith who says it—"growing infirmities."

Dr. Slop in "Tristram Shandy" ascribed his success in life to the art of hanging big weights on little wires. From the facts above summarised the "Spectator" drew the following inferences:—(1) That Mr. Rhodes had bought up the evacuation policy for £5,000. (2) That knowledge of this fact is the explanation of the conduct of Sir William Harcourt and Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman on the South African Committee. (3) That the danger of modern politics is the dictation to party leaders by wealthy outsiders. Inferences 1 and 2 are frankly jettisoned by the journal as too absurd for argument; but the third proposition is made the text of a sermon, quite in the robust old style. We agree of course that if the policy of a party were dictated by the drawer of cheques, the nation would be rapidly nearing the Niagara pool of corruption, in which perforce our American friends are whirled about. But can anything be more absurd than the idea that party leaders in England allow themselves to be dictated to by any subscriber to the party funds, however big? It is the business of the chief agent or wirepuller of a party to collect funds for the cost of the campaign: the wirepuller's duties are delicate, and are almost invariably shared by the Patronage Secretary to the Treasury, otherwise known as the Chief Whip. But does anyone suppose that what passes between the wirepuller, the Whip and the wealthy outsider is communicated to the Prime Minister, or the Leader of Opposition? Every party has of course a number of small and regular subscribers who send in their quota without comment, though perhaps with the pious belief that they shall find it after many days. But when men give large subscriptions to any organisation, political, charitable or religious, they almost invariably accompany the gift either by a condition, or by a statement of their wishes. Often in politics their desires are of a nature that can only be hinted at; but still the hint is usually plain enough. Why should we blame Mr. Rhodes for attaching to his £5,000 the condition that the British Empire was not to be broken up? Is a Liberal Churchman to give a cheque to a party that is going to disestablish the Church? Indeed the conditions which Mr. Rhodes sought to impose upon the recipients of his money were much purer than those, we fear, often bargained for by the wealthy outsider, for it is the bare truth that titles have been sold by both parties of late years. It is the business of the wirepuller to allay alarm: it is the task of the Whip to excite hope. The absurdity consists in supposing that Mr. Gladstone and Lord Salisbury are called in to assist in this very necessary but rather dirty work of politics. We can imagine Mr. Gladstone's face if Mr. Schnadhorst had been foolish enough (which of course he was not) to tell him the story of the cheque! We should like to see Lord Salisbury's face when Mr. Middleton informed him that some manufacturer had sent in a cheque with the condition that the Agricultural Rating Act should be repealed! Mr. Schnadhorst handled Mr. Rhodes with consummate skill. He extracted the cheque, he enunciated with imperturbable gravity the policy of the Liberal party, and before his answer reached the subscriber he spent the money. What a genius! Is it any wonder that the Radicals won the election of 1892? Had we not often seen a strong vein of childishness in the character of Mr. Rhodes, we should have been surprised at his seriously corresponding about the policy of the Liberal party with Mr. Schnadhorst. For Mr. Rhodes is not fond of writing letters, and does not usually waste his ink and paper on understrappers. No: all this talk about the corrupt influence of wealth on politics is cant. We say nothing about titles and ribands: for they will always be trafficked in, and there is a good deal to be said for Pitt's opinion. Did not Lord Derby once say: "Titles! Why I'd fling titles to those who want them as they fling cabbages to the swine"? But there is as little danger of a Prime Minister in this country being dictated to by a wealthy outsider as there is of a Lord Chief Justice being bribed by a company promoter.

MR. ASQUITH HALTS.

PERHAPS the most satisfactory feature about Mr. Asquith's meeting on Wednesday night was the presence upon his platform of so many Liberal M.P.s both from Scotland and the North of England. It indicates at all events that, if the Imperialist campaign in the North bears the character that the opposing section of the party would attribute to it, Mr. Asquith's audience and surroundings alike emphasise its success. Yet that success was one of curiosity rather than of conviction. No asseverations of the orator remove the fundamental fact that he is leading a movement which his titular chief has condemned. To have secured therefore a triumphant success in the minds of intelligent men Mr. Asquith should have developed his attack along the only lines which the vast bulk of the nation cares about. Tentative utterances about education and the drink traffic may serve to fortify the feeble and faltering steps of the Imperialist *malgré soi*, but in these matters Mr. Asquith's views must be more clearly defined before his opponents can usefully criticise them. It is satisfactory to observe that he repudiates the ridiculous measure which wrought so much damage to his party in 1895, but there was nothing to learn in that matter for no leader would ever again have gone to the country with the discredited policy of Sir William Harcourt, long ago consigned to the limbo of political vanity. It seems as if Mr. Asquith had been more anxious to repel the sneers of his Radical opponents than to make clear to the whole country his policy on matters of vital importance. No one wanted to be assured that he was a Liberal because no man who had watched his career ever doubted it. What the British Empire very particularly wanted to know was the nature of his criticisms on the policy of a Government which has laid itself open to criticism with a dogged perseverance. Yet on vital points Mr. Asquith leaves us most disappointingly in the dark. He flings a jest at the Yeomanry scandal but he quite fails to develop the indignant and crushing invective which a leader of Opposition should and ought to direct at those responsible. He would seem to deplore the lavish expenditure on the army yet we have not a word to indicate in what way he would have diverted that expenditure to better ends. He would have done well to point out how small a portion of those £55,000,000 wanders "Heaven directed" to the right quarters. That apparently is a task which he deems better left to critics on the Government side. If Mr. Asquith ever hopes to attain office, does he think the people of this country will entrust him with it unless he turns his attention to making clear his views on the matters that now engross their attention? Does he or does he not approve of the enforcement of martial law in Cape Colony? At one time it appeared he did not, but we candidly confess we are not sure whether or no he has been converted to our own point of view. It would almost seem as if Mr. Asquith had tamely accepted the dictum of the "Edinburgh" Reviewer that the Liberal Imperialists would have acted in every respect like the Government if they had been in power and were therefore estopped from criticism in those matters. If the Liberal Imperialists intend to adopt that position, their career is barred at the outset. We will not labour the proposition which we have already stated so often, that the Imperialist section of the Liberal party has the future of that party in its hands. We have received unexpected confirmation of our views this week in an article by Mr. J. A. Hobson who candidly admits that, the bulk of the Liberal party being loyal and patriotic in its views, it behoves those whose aims could hardly be so described to unite for the promotion of their common objects. Mr. Hobson probably deceives himself if he believes that the Labour party are prepared to join the Irish and pro-Boers for all purposes, but his suggestion is a sign of the times which all who have observed carefully the condition of parties will not ignore. Mr. Asquith does not sufficiently remember the words of Burke that "when the bad combine the good must associate lest they perish one by one unpitied victims in a despicable struggle". The fatal policy of ignoring funda-

mental differences and flourishing the old ragged banner of Free Trade is a poor outcome of the courageous attitude taken up at the Liverpool Street meeting. Yet the hollowness of the whole attempt to bolster up a fictitious unity of sentiment was most amusingly shown by the passing of a resolution to the effect that the meeting "expressed its entire confidence in Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman as leader of the Liberal party in the House of Commons". Yet everyone knows that if Mr. Asquith had believed one word of that resolution he would never have been where he was on Wednesday night nor Sir Edward Grey, while neither of them mentioned with approval the views of the *roi-fainéant* in whose policy they have such confidence. Surely a broader farce was never played by two actors whose proper place is in high comedy! Mr. Asquith did indeed deftly compound with his conscience by a defence of his titular leader with regard to Mr. Rhodes' £5,000. This, however, was a work of supererogation, for no reasonable being with the most elementary knowledge of political life ever believed a syllable of that particular form of the charge which he repudiated, though we are not prepared to dispute his views as to the ethics that should guide such controversies. But in what way have Mr. Asquith's eloquent outpourings helped the country to grasp the true Liberal-Imperialist position? We suppose we may assume with some confidence that Mr. Asquith looks forward, with Lord Rosebery, to a "Liberal party purged of all anti-national elements". Will he actively work to evolve such a party, unlike Lord Rosebery who is content with generally just and always inglorious criticism? With regard to the Irish Mr. Asquith would appear to be reasonably safe: he has done with the experiments of 1892: but he very prudently remembered Walpole's advice to his young men "on no account to use the word *never*" and we gather that he will hardly ever co-operate with the Irish. But the vital question is how far is Liberal-Imperialism prepared to go in the direction of Home Rule? The failures of our politicians are almost always due to hesitation in making their position quite clear. The English and Scotch alike prefer the whole truth to half of it. It was solely because he attacked the enemy so vigorously while he exposed the mistakes of his own side that Lord Randolph Churchill established his position as a leader. We had high hopes of Mr. Asquith, we were quite prepared frequently to cross swords with him. We should rejoice to see him wielding his weapon mercilessly. We cannot believe that now he is to content himself with slashing at phantoms. If that is in truth to be his attitude, he will make us despair not only of the future of his party but of our own.

LORD ROSEBERY ON THINKING.

IF we did not value very highly Lord Rosebery's "Speech without a name" at Birmingham, or were intending to dwell on matters personal to Lord Rosebery himself, we should call attention to his remarkable reference to the study of astronomy first of all. We should ask Has Lord Rosebery taken to the study of this science, and are we to think of him henceforth at the lonely telescope as well as in the lonely furrow? Why does ambition seem to have been crushed out of Lord Rosebery? Is it the study of the infinitely great—or is it the study of the infinitely little in the politics of the minute sections of the Liberal party? For we decidedly dispute Lord Rosebery's accuracy in ascribing to astronomy any special quality of paralysing the faculties. Lord Rosebery sees that there is very much like a process of paralysis going on through society. His consciousness of this makes him the most philosophic observer we have amongst us at present. But he is unfortunate in his special reference to astronomy. He was evidently taking it as a type of the knowledge of our modern life which bewilders and overwhelms the practical faculties. But our age is much more characterised by its inquiries into the infinitely little than into the infinitely great. We are far more bewildered by indigestible knowledge of myriads of apparently uncorrelated facts than by the great conceptions of astronomy.

If Lord Rosebery had illustrated this, when he was speaking of the fatal habit of reading, by showing that it is fatal simply because it overwhelms people with the infinitely little, his valuable point about the apparent paralysis of national thought would have stood out in bolder relief. What of the infinitely little of examinations over which from top to bottom of our educational system youths and maidens are poring, until they become mentally short-sighted, and cannot see beyond the marks of an artificial examination paper? If it is thought that is needed, as Lord Rosebery says, we ought to begin by taboing three-fourths of the subjects taught in the schools, and institute a censorship of the press to prohibit the publication of three-fourths of the stuff that finds its way to the bookstalls and the free libraries. How can people think with so much printed matter about if they have been encouraged to believe, as they are, that to have the nose over a book is to employ one's time usefully: otherwise not. We cannot be quiet; and to such an absurd extent do we stultify our thinking faculties that there is a large class of people who can never take a turn in the woods or on the sea-shore without a book to prevent thought entering the mind through its most natural and direct channel. "It moves them not." They might be taught to think, if it were not for the supposed necessity of reading the printed books of superfluous facts, or the fiction whose common characteristic in its monstrous diversity is that it is the product of authors who are as incapable of serious thinking on any important subject of human life as the imbecile readers who can endure to breathe the asphyxiating mental atmosphere of these productions. So accustomed are we to shirk the exercise of our natural faculties of thinking that without pen in hand quite a number of ridiculous persons cannot even think out an ordinary letter. Having got one idea visually on paper they can hold it until they get another safely transferred into black and white, but no longer. There is no stream of thought, but only a succession of little spurting jets. It is a well-known axiom in the science of examinations that the person who thinks is lost. The examinee simply acts as a machine for reproducing facts. In America, where machinery has been applied to everything, it has even been applied to the science of thinking itself, and a psychologist has about him almost as much machinery as an electrical engineer.

If we could sweep away half the things we have got to learn nowadays, we might learn to think. There is no time. Such a crowd of material things press on us that we cannot tell what are necessary and what are superfluous. In addition to what we have already to get up, there is the alleged necessity of that commercial and technical education of which we hear so much. How much more French, and German, and Italian, and Spanish shall we have to learn in order to compete with our rivals in huckstering? Perhaps we cannot do without this new apparatus. For self-preservation we may be driven to it: but what has it to do with our capacity for thinking? Ingenuity like that of the American, of which Lord Rosebery speaks, is a rather inferior kind of mental activity prompted partly by vanity, partly by restlessness, which must always be doing something from sheer nervousness, partly from greed. Lord Rosebery is doing his best to taunt us into imitation. He may be right in saying we need to be inoculated with some of this nervous energy, for commercialism is the means whereby we live in these days and "You do take my life when you do take the means whereby I live". When we are thoroughly Americanised we are to have a devouring anxiety to improve existing machinery, and to amass fortunes which "however gigantic will not satisfy or be sufficient to allow of leisure and repose". We should like to know the connexion between high thinking and the accumulation of fortunes on this scale, or how such thinking is to be done in the commercial pandemonium of the future. Lord Rosebery should be reasonable with us. He should not ask us for two contradictory things. Independent thought is not for the man or the nation that is being driven by force majeure into the ever-growing necessity of straining every nerve for sheer existence. With that strain upon us what can there be but "apathy and seeming

impassibility" towards the higher problems of life and society. We cannot be expected to have the bow always at full tension. Our relief will take the form of abandonment in our leisure to the more animal or the cruder and unintelligent emotions. Drinking and unreasonable gambling are the natural reactions against constant drudgery. Our art will savour of Holywell Street; our literature will be the shilling shocker, or the six-shilling screecher; our drama the music-hall sketch, and the comic opera made in America—where the "nervous energy" comes from.

And what will our politics be but catchpenny contrivances for staving off temporary inconveniences? Lord Rosebery is troubled to discover the causes for "the strange unrippled apathy, that seeming impassibility which appears to veil the thoughts of the nation". He seems to vary between the two inconsistent explanations that the nation is brooding over deep questions, or that it is dazed and bewildered by the extreme rapidity with which events move, and the consequent laxity of attention. Finally he inclines to the latter, and is driven to conjecture that "the faculty of independent thought is for the time weakened, or distracted, or numbed". And yet again, as if he were somewhat dazed and bewildered himself, he only hopes, and asks if we may believe, that the thought is there and is only deficient in expression. For our part we believe in the daze and bewilderment and the want of independent thought theory. The magic mere by the side of which the nation wanders—a poetical figure worthy of the genius of Burke—is very much of a morass. As to what there may be on the other side, of what may be reasonably expected to be found there, and how means of passage are to be devised, we do not see that the people who, one might suppose, would be most anxious to inquire, are taking any trouble about it. What independent thought there may be is it seems turned to quite other objects. This indifference of course does not imply content. There is an over-abundance of discontent of the individual. But its range is too petty. It is bounded by the drawing-room and the kitchen. It leads to nothing but small personal greed for money, and social meannesses which are equally absurd and contemptible. It is the result of slavish and not independent thinking. Society gains little or nothing by it, because it is not based even upon enlightened selfishness, which does require independent thought. When we have got so much independence of thought that we can see we are not social Ishmaelites we shall have taken the first step towards crossing the stagnant mere. But after all probably the real cause of want of thought is nothing else than indolence. It is less trouble to do than to think. The busy man is the idle man.

GLOOM ON THE RIVE GAUCHE.

SOMETIMES, in the Latin Quarter, come grave moments, gloomy moments—moments when the students retire early, when the girls whisper together as though alarmed, when the spectator, observing this depression, becomes himself depressed. That spontaneous gaiety which of itself protects the Quarter from being deemed depraved in its distractions, callous in its follies, is temporarily hushed, without colour and movement, without songs, dances and processions—the hundred and one incidents of most evenings—each popular place of rendezvous suddenly appears tawdry. In the lull, through need of the noise that drowns discordant voices, for want of the display that diverts one's attention from tragic faces, blithe illusions of yesterday dissolve; grim truths reveal themselves; a new point of view presents itself: the awakening at last arriving, impressions other than pleasant, other than favourable, are to be formed of the Rive Gauche. At such a time, the women whose cheeks are sunken, whose clothes are shabby—the old Mimis, the Musettes of ten years ago—come out of those obscure corners to which their unattractiveness has condemned them; come out and congregate, skeletons some of them, monstrous, shapeless creatures the rest: both, considering their usual comparative concealment, ominous.

When the temper of the Quarter is blithe, they must look on from the background. No one heeds their presence. They must not pass to and fro, inviting themselves to a table. They sit apart, with a key before them—the key that admits them to the dim chambre meublée whose monthly rental becomes more and more difficult to find. But when the Quarter has been horrified by some tragedy, some crime, they—on account of their memories and experiences, on account of their own connexion with tragedy—they, then, are sought after; they, then, talk the most; they, then, have the longest and completest version of the matter which has brought on the gloom.

On no occasion, however, have we heard these shabby, solitary women chatter more alarmingly than in Madame Bertrand's milk-shop, at two in the morning, a week ago. Not a student was present; the only clients were Murger's daughters, "les aînées", the old. And, over their milk or coffee, holding perhaps a cake on high, they listened to the tale of a pale woman—the palest, the most wasted woman—whose coat and skirt were red, whose boots were muddy, whose gloves betrayed stitching done undoubtedly in her dim chambre meublée. Still, her narrative was interrupted occasionally by a sharp, short cough; she lost her breath, pressed her hand to her breast, cleared her throat. "Continue", said the others impatiently. "Je continue", she replied. And we, listening also, learnt that a certain Marcelle played the chief rôle in the story: Marcelle, most blithe of Murger's daughters, Marcelle the "vraie gamine", Marcelle the gay little lady who always wore a bicycling suit yet never bicycled, who appeared sixteen and was twenty-two, who danced down the Boul' Mich' arm-in-arm with her "copains"—she the liveliest of them all, her step the lightest, her lantern the largest—who was amiable to all and to whom everyone was "mon cher". Marcelle, the candid! A brunette, she became a blonde. "C'est chic d'être blonde", she cried; and, some days later, appeared on the Boul' Mich' with flaxen hair. And she called attention to the change, saying, "See me, stare at me. How do you like me? Am I improved? Such a dye! Anyone can have the address! Only five francs a bottle: a big bottle—also, perfumed". And drank a toast . . . to the "change". And declared that a new era began . . . with the "change". And afterwards, in recalling the past, explained, "Quand j'étais brune". And sang and sang and sang that favourite air, "Les Blondes". Marcelle, the sympathetic! Each student found in her a patient, a consoling listener. She was willing to bear with interminable accounts of jealousies, suspicions, woes. Sometimes she proposed a drive, a long drive: the grievance to be unfolded en route. "Choose", she said, "quiet avenues, deserted streets—so that you may cry without fear of being ridiculed. Unburden yourself, mon cher. Keep nothing back. You can trust Marcelle". Marcelle, the sentimental! After a noisy luncheon in the country, she proposed a visit to the wood. Child-like, she picked flowers—uttering cries, running hither and thither. And lingered. And determined to take the very last train. And asked naïve questions about the stars. And murmured, "Que c'est douce, la campagne, que c'est belle"—shrinking, nevertheless, from the bats, the mosquitos. And went to bed immediately on reaching Paris . . . so as not to spoil the impression. And dreamt happily—so she said; dreamt as she had never dreamt before, "mon cher". Bright Marcelle; and, in spite of her follies, good Marcelle! The shabby, solitary women—the old Mimis, the Musettes of ten years ago—had in her a friend . . . Had? . . . Had—but have no longer. "Murdered", said the woman in the red dress—huskily—of Marcelle in Madame Bertrand's milk-shop a week ago. Murdered—but no matter how. Murdered—and lying in a room, round the corner, with candles burning by her bed. "Tall, tall candles", continued the woman. "They burn brightly; and she is not alone. To-day I have seen her three times. There were only two wreaths this morning, but there are more than twenty now. To-morrow, the concierge will do nothing but take up wreaths". And the woman coughed; the other women began to whisper, then the husky voice was heard again. "They have telegraphed

for her brother; perhaps he has already arrived. He is 'paysan'. He has never been to Paris. When he wrote to Marcelle he called her 'ma petite sœur'. He cannot spell, but Marcelle said he was a 'brave garçon'. He is a year older than she". A husky, husky voice: gestures accompanying each word and, now and then, the sharp, short cough. As the hour advanced, Madame Bertrand's stout manager—installed behind the counter—began to doze. The servant who had distributed the milk and coffee settled herself on a stool in the background to sleep. From the coffee urns, the urns of milk, rose fumes; the urns of boiling water hissed. Past the shop went a market cart laden to the limit with vegetables and, on the top of the vegetables, sat a sturdy peasant woman with her head enveloped in a handkerchief. Through the windows, one might see two policemen chatting over the way; occasionally, a vagrant limping by, then a chiffonier stooping over the gutter in quest of stumps of cigars and cigarettes. Only in the shop was there light—a pale, unbecoming light from the lamp above; only in the shop was there colour, the colours of the shabby women's dresses; faded blue, dingy yellow . . . red. Only in the shop was there a group—a group of women, fifteen or so. Still, they lingered. Still were heard the words "candles", wreaths", "her brother"; "Marcelle". No woman went her way; none even prepared to approach her dim chambre meublée. Perhaps they remained there until dawn; perhaps when the first workman passed, he—glancing curiously through the window—saw them: wondered who they were, what their business was, and, shrugging his shoulders, departed with the reflection that "Tout de même, les gens sont drôles".

Gloom, next day. Gloom, on the day after; and greater gloom on the gloomiest day of all—the day of the funeral. A dull day, clouds hanging close over the Latin Quarter. A day when it might rain: in the air, mist. A day when the shopkeepers of a certain narrow street came to their doors, when the tenants above appeared at their windows, when spectators stood below; when a group of pale-faced, wasted women—of whom the palest and most wasted was a woman in red—waited silently beside a hearse. She had no other dress; those in dingy yellow and faded blue had no other dresses. In Paris, black failing, one wears one's best. The hearse had just received its light burden, and the burden was being covered, three times covered, with flowers: mere nosegays, simple bunches, crosses, wreath upon wreath. Near by, stood the concierge—a stout woman—crying. Further off, were three policemen—motionless. Here and there were Murger's daughters, "les jeunes", veritable Mimis and Musettes, pale and seemingly terrified. Few students were there: for the students make their rentrée later in the month. Still, they had sent their tributes of affection and esteem—for the flowers continued to come . . . came and came . . . accompanied by cards and bows and ribbons, one card bearing the words, "A Notre Blonde". Then, when the last flower had been laid, Mimi jeune and Mimi aînée, Murger's Musette and the Musettes of ten years ago, gathered behind the hearse. Quietly, it started. Quietly, it advanced. Slowly, it disappeared: the policemen saluting, the shopkeepers and tenants respectfully motionless or saluting also, the concierge crying, the faded women and fresh women following—the woman in red still the most noticeable. And, step by step, went the horses, the procession; and, as they went, all men raised their hats, sometimes a woman crossed herself; and many people must have marvelled at the mourners who, on other occasions, are deemed "women of pleasure", the abandoned, the disreputable, the depraved. Over the bridge, past Notre Dame; up dim streets. Past theatres, cafés, fine shops; past hovels, past drinking-dens. On and on; on and on . . . the mourners quietly and silently following Marcelle. Still on . . . the mourners accompanying Marcelle, once most blithe of Murger's daughters, farther and farther from Murger's land. Onwards always, through the gloom, through the mist, to Marcelle's last destination; then back again through the mist, through the gloom, without Marcelle—and Marcelle the "vraie gamine", Marcelle the Blonde, only a memory, only a name.

JAKOB BARTHOLDY, COMPOSER.

JAKOB BARTHOLDY was born at Hamburg in the year 1809. Later in life he wrote "Elijah". He was very popular in this country, and though his fame may in the future be slightly dimmed it is certain that his glory will never diminish. His works will ever be sung and played as much as they are at present, though it is possible, as some allege, that they will gradually be entirely forgotten.

Reader, I am getting befogged. The preceding is my first attempt at writing what is called "sound" or "safe" criticism; and I don't find it easy. It seems to me that some of the statements contradict others. I have observed the same in the musical columns of some of the daily papers; but whereas the writers seem not to notice that in their anxiety for safety they have contradicted themselves, I cannot help noticing it. I am obviously not yet a master. After many months of strictly private exercise I shall try in public once again. I have an excellent model before me, a Life of Mendelssohn, by Stephen S. Stratton, belonging to the wonderful "Master Musicians" series, edited by F. J. Crowest and published by Messrs. Dent. Mr. Stratton is well known, I believe, in the Midlands as a critic; and I myself have read a few short articles which showed him to be a man of some taste, moderate culture and common-sense. But while putting together this Life of Mendelssohn he has evidently been hypnotised by Mr. Crowest. Even in that gentleman's Life of Beethoven there is little that is more inept and less enlightened than the stuff I find on many pages of the book before me. It forms a complete vindication of all I have said in these columns about the illiteracy of musicians. Mr. Stratton's Mendelssohn is the kind of "literature" our ordinary trade-musicians read, it is what they have read for fifty years. It is "safe"; the author has apparently no opinion of his own; and he tries to create the impression that he has opinions by carefully saying nothing in a solemn manner. It contains a large proportion of that stupidity and fatuity for which the musical criticism of the dailies is celebrated; there is feeble jocosity and mid-Victorian moralising; there is all that highly valuable, freehold, non-copyright property, the mass of legends, more or less improbable, and in all cases pointless, which has accumulated round the name of the gentleman who is known as Felix Mendelssohn, but whose real name was Jakob Bartholdy. The mere writing is without force, reserve, pungency, beauty; it is as nerveless as a column of the "Musical Times". In a word the book is as bad as can be and in the worst possible way; and with a view of "encouraging the others" I mean to examine it in some detail.

Let us start with the preface. It contains, for no reason that I can discover, the following marvellous story:—"At the Jubilee performance of 'Elijah' given in the Town Hall, Birmingham, on October 8th, 1896, Mr. William Pountney, a well-known local bass singer, took part in the quartet, 'Cast thy burden upon the Lord'. This gentleman sang in the chorus at the first performance in 1846, and that fact was brought to the notice of Mrs. Benecke, Mendelssohn's daughter, who had intended to be present at the Jubilee performance. Mrs. Benecke sent Mr. Pountney the photograph of a page of the MS., with the following inscription:—"Photographed from the original MS. of 'Elijah,' in the possession of, and presented to Mr. William Pountney by, Mary Benecke, née Mendelssohn-Bartholdy, December, 1896." What on earth this delicious morsel of tittle-tattle has to do with Bartholdy's life I cannot guess: the intellect retires, baffled and ashamed, before the problem. In the first chapter we get the usual cartload of rubbish concerning Moses Mendelssohn. We get the following portrait of Bartholdy's mother. "She was a woman of great accomplishments, played and sang with expression and grace, but seldom, and only for her friends; she drew exquisitely; she spoke and read French, English, Italian, and—secretly—Homer, in the original language." The authority for this is a book called "The Mendelssohn Family", and needless to say written by a Hensel. We learn that there never was such a family of high-minded geniuses as the Mendelssohns and

Bartholdys. But I am compelled to own that the work positively stinks with improbability. Why on earth should this accomplished lady read Greek "secretly"? In their desire to glorify the family of Bartholdy there was no lie, however fantastic on the face of it—like this reading of Homer "secretly"—that these Bartholdys would not invent. The composer's mother was doubtless an agreeable person with a smattering of the arts: that is all one can allow. As for his father, no duller dog ever lived. He was fond of making profound remarks, and two of them are given in this book. Alluding to his father's and his son's reputations, he said: "Formerly I used to be the son of my father; now I am the father of my son." I spare myself the trouble of transcribing the other, which is equally obvious and cheap. Is this kind of thing never to end? Must biographer after biographer repeat the old lies, the old irrelevancies, the old stupidities? If it is worth while writing a biography of Bartholdy at all, which I doubt, all this nonsense about the Mendelssohn family demands the most rigorous sorting and sifting. We do not want the Mendelssohns' opinions of each other's surpassing merits: we do want to know, if possible, what they really were. Only when we know that shall we be in a position to understand many traits, pleasant and unpleasant, in the character of Jakob Bartholdy. It seems to me the family was quite a decent one, not overburdened with intellect, rich and able to entertain all the distinguished people of the day, neither mean nor generous but all keeping a careful eye on the main chance. If one remembers all this, Bartholdy's fulsome compliments to the Prince Consort and the Queen are explicable. If the Mendelssohn family was all that Mr. Stratton calls it, copying from the book on the Mendelssohn family, then it is clear that no more perfect lackey than Bartholdy ever lived.

However, the private character of Bartholdy is not a very important matter. No book need be written to explain it. He will not live in the memory of man, as Dr. Johnson does, by virtue of his personality. His letters are interesting enough; but he was by no means, as he is called in this book, a "prince of letter writers"—no one with a fine literary sense would dream of applying the phrase to him. It is by reason of his music, and his music alone, that he is interesting; and if his music is to be discussed, we must first of all be shown the influences that moulded the musician in his earlier days. It is true there is not a great deal to discuss, that the main thing to discuss is the cause that there is not more. Mr. Stratton in his later chapters talks about the music for some few pages in a desultory fashion. Some of his criticism is sensible, though not illuminating and never fresh; but some of it seems to me altogether absurd. To describe the oratorio of "S. Paul" as founded on Bach is, for example, absurd. The most superficial acquaintance with the "Matthew" and "John" Passions and the "Christmas Oratorio" might serve to show that between these mighty works and "S. Paul" there is a resemblance solely in external form. There are recitatives, airs and choral fugues in all four; but "S. Paul" is untouched by the Bach spirit. The "Matthew" and "John" Passions are highly dramatic, especially the "John"; whereas "S. Paul" is entirely undramatic and consists, indeed, of a series of more or less pretty pieces of music. Bach introduces the choral with enormous effect to gain his climaxes; Mendelssohn shoves in a choral to vary the monotony of airs, fugues and recitatives. Once only in "S. Paul" is it brought in justifiably, and that is after the rather sentimental death of S. Stephen. And it may be remarked here that the choral in "Elijah" before the descent of fire from heaven provides one of the most remarkable, startling anticlimaxes in music. But Mr. Stratton's main fault is that of omission. Instead of pointing out how the composer developed or fell back in his successive works, he gives us, if you please, numerous cuttings from the journals of sixty and seventy years ago, cuttings in which are set forth the pious opinions of the more or less ignorant critics of the epoch. We are not shown the influences that shaped the composers; no hint is given of the result of those influences. Instead, we are given a long and tedious account of garden-parties, dances, journeys,

dinners in which Bartholdy participated. The stream of anecdotal drainage from mid—or early—Victorian times flows in a more or less broken manner through chapter after chapter: there is absolutely no effort made to reveal to us the real Bartholdy, either as man or as composer of music. Trite anecdotes are recounted, trite and often utterly irrelevant comments are added; and amidst the squirming heap of facts or legends it is impossible to discern the things of real importance. Of course it is impossible to give instances of omissions—I can only bring the broad charge against the whole book. But it is easy to quote the anecdotes, and one or two of the facts, and the comments they have drawn from Mr. Stratton. Here is an anecdote. Zelter always referred to Goethe as the "old gentleman", and "Felix soon caught up Zelter's expression. His teacher was 'Professor Zelter', while the famous poet was 'the old gentleman'." And here is Mr. Stratton's comment:—"O Felix!" Here is another anecdote. Says Mr. Stratton "It may relieve the sadness of the remaining narrative to relate [an] incident. Big posters were stuck on the walls in many places advertising the performance of *Elijah*. A little while after, other posters, relating to a Whitsun trip, were posted over them, but not covering the lower part. The combination read thus: 'The *Odd Fellows* of Birmingham will make an extraordinary trip to Worcester, Gloucester, and Bristol, returning next day. Leader: Mr. Willy. Conductor: Dr. Mendelssohn.'" Happily there is no comment. But this business of choosing Mr. Stratton's facts and anecdotes and comments is too tiresome: these two specimens must suffice. As for Mr. Stratton's literary style, it can only be said that it does not exist. From beginning to end nearly every sentence is lame or broken-backed; the most banal sentiments are expressed—if anything here can indeed be said to be expressed—in the most banal manner possible; there is no continuity, so that in reading the book I had constantly before my eyes the vision of a kindly gentleman diving into this book and that—Grove's Dictionary, the "Mendelssohn Family", and so on—and finding something, setting it down, and diving again into his books for the next thing.

I have always respected Mr. Stratton and I still respect him. It is plain to me that in making this book he has for the time lapsed from his artistic self-respect, presumably influenced by previous volumes of the "Master Musicians" series. For some reason not given in the preface he has striven, not altogether vainly, to write down to the level of Mr. Crowest's "Beethoven". Be it noted that I have not judged his attempt by the highest standard: or rather, having found it wanting judged by the highest standard, I have applied the lowest standard, that of book-making, and also found it wanting. As mere carpenter's work it is thoroughly bad. It is to be hoped that he will recover from his present mental indisposition. On the whole, perhaps, there is need of a monograph dealing with Jakob Bartholdy. The subject is not very difficult. The composer was what we colloquially term a "decent chap". He had his endowment, a narrow endowment, it is true; he wrote a great deal of very beautiful music, the power, and the power alone, of which was grossly exaggerated half a century ago; and it ought not to be too difficult for a man of Mr. Stratton's capability to run through his music, to select the things that really matter, to discard utterly, as if they had never been put on paper, the things that do not matter, and then give us a clear account of a very pleasing minor musician. It has been done with regard to literary men and to the gentlemen who paint pictures: why not, for once, with regard to a man who made music that pleased the last generation too much, that pleases the present, and will please many a generation to come?

J. F. R.

PARLOUR MELODRAMA.

NOW that children enjoy such unbridled license, what were known as "parlour-games" are quite obsolete, I suppose. They belong to the period when little girls and boys were forbidden to "tear their

clothes and make a noise"—functions which the elders of this generation sentimentally encourage them to perform. Unmitigated forms of football, cricket, croquet and other games are now, I fancy, welcomed by these elders at all times and in all places, even in the drawing-room after dinner. In my day there were more strict canons of behaviour. We had to amuse ourselves quietly, and tidily, or not at all. To supply a happy compromise between young England's innate love of outdoor games indoors and middle-aged England's desire for peace and quietness, parlour-games came into fashion. They were simple affairs. A table-cloth was removed, a few diminutive properties were set up, and forthwith one was playing some national game. The joy was a chastened one, with many drawbacks. That article common to all games, the ball, was for ever overleaping the bounds of the table, and having to be searched for, feverishly, under remote furniture, and under a running fire of complaints from the disturbed elders; and when, at length, it was retrieved, such spirit as had come into the game had gone out of it, and was hardly recovered before the ball was lost again. Not that any real ardour was ever aroused in us. When you had to handle the willow betwixt finger and thumb, before stumps not larger than matches and attached to a small green stand, or when you had to kick off a football with a finger-nail instead of a foot, and to ward it away from a goal-post that was always succumbing to your elbow, I defy you to have experienced in any high degree those hot and healthy passions which it is the glory of British pastimes to arouse. And then the "Rules"! In the apparatus of every parlour-game was included a code of rules which gave us constant agony. The verbiage of them was so formidably involved that more than our poor childish power of exegesis was needed to afford us a glimpse of what they were driving at. The various interpretations we made of them, or pretended to have made of them, led to many whispered quarrels, which, as the evening wore on, culminated in shrill altercations and caused us to be sent summarily to bed. Altogether, these parlour-games were a most depressing and demoralising institution, and I am convinced that some of our battles in South Africa two years ago were lost on the drawing-room tables of Belgravia and Bayswater. However, it is not that conviction which has impelled me to speak here of parlour-games. It is merely a play written by Mr. Isaac Henderson, and produced last week at Wyndham's Theatre. Of Mr. Henderson's childhood I know nothing, but from his dramaturgic methods I deduce that it must have been largely devoted to parlour-games. The child is father to the man, and no one who had not been a confirmed parlour-game-player in his day could have so ingeniously, and so dispiritingly, adapted a noisy, rough-and-tumble melodrama to the requirements of a little troupe of quiet comedians in a little theatre.

Once upon a time there lived in Rome a very wicked Italian, who was called Signor d'Orelli. He wore the points of his moustache waxed up towards his flashing eyes, and, after seducing a married peasant-girl in his native land, came to England, wormed his way into the best society, and there proceeded to lay snares for the young, lovely and virtuous Lady Lumley. She, after the manner of her kind, came to his rooms, at midnight. So did the husband, after the manner of his. And somewhere in the background was one without whom the villain had reckoned—one Giuseppe, originally the husband of the aforesaid peasant-girl, later the grinder of an organ, hissing "vendetta" through his flashing teeth, and now valet to Lord Lumley, and still on the vendetta-path. These, I take it, were the elements in Mr. Henderson's first mental draft of his play. And it is probable that from them, in the ordinary course of things, there would have been evolved a stirring melodrama. But a strange thing happened to Mr. Henderson when he had got thus far. Something, perhaps the knowledge that melodrama was no longer so popular as it had been in London, or perhaps an exclusive admiration for the art of Mr. Wyndham, impelled him to change his tactics. He pitched his scheme in the comedic key, toned it down

and made it "psychological" and all that. Lord Lumley, instead of being merely a hero, became a neglectful husband, absorbed in scientific inventions, and this change opened up the way, not only for Mr. Wyndham's comedic power, but also for interesting discussions as to the proper relations between wives and husbands. The villain himself became a famous Italian novelist, whose misdeeds, as we infer, are due rather to the vanity of the artistic temperament than to mere villainhood. Indeed, in the whole play, the vengeful organ-grinder is the only figure whom Mr. Henderson left frankly melodramatic. A sailor and his lass, who, as I conceive, were originally to have supplied that comic relief which in true melodrama gives our blood time to curdle between the essential episodes, were turned into figures of highest comedy—Commander Lord Ronalds and Mrs. Ruth Thornton: their names speak for them. In the last act the villain does not fall stabbed to the heart by the organ-grinder; on the contrary, he gets off with a very good start. The heroine does not fall into the orating hero's arms as the curtain falls; on the contrary, they go into the next room to enjoy a good dinner. And the title of the play is not "Through Darkest Waters" or "Even Unto Death", but "The Mummy and the Humming Bird". Everything that could have been done by Mr. Henderson was done to bring the play within the accustomed range of Mr. Wyndham, of Mr. Wyndham's company, and of Wyndham's Theatre. The attempt has succeeded in so far that Mr. Wyndham accepted the play and produced it, evidently thinking it was comedic enough for his self-respect. It has succeeded in so far that the play held spellbound the majority of the audience on the first night. But it has not succeeded in so far that the play can appeal to such sophisticated persons as you, reader, or I. You or I can be trusted to enjoy a naked and unashamed melodrama. Our pleasure in that kind is dual: we are thrilled now and again despite ourselves, and throughout we are tickled by the absurdities. Blood and thunder, by all means, for us. But the blood must be red, and the thunder loud. When we see not a drop of the one, when we hear but faint claps of the other at a genteel distance, we are neither thrilled nor amused. We are merely bored. If Mr. Henderson thought to propitiate us by the elements of comedy in his play, he was too sanguine. We can take no pleasure in comedy that alternates with melodrama. The two things are mutually murderous. Not only does the one put us out of key for the other without putting us into key for itself, but also it is impossible that when they are mixed up either should be decently good of its kind. Mr. Henderson, who perhaps has a real talent for one or the other, or for both, should devote himself to one of them, or to both separately. At present he has fallen between two stools.

Such is the view taken by you and me, the sophisticated. But, as I have said, the unsophisticated majority was delighted with this play on its first night. At the end of every act the curtain was raised again and again, to the tune of deepest-throated enthusiasm. Yet, when at the end of the play the author appeared to take his reward personally, there was the usual outburst of angry caterwauling. The mental workings of the gallery are certainly strange. Why suddenly turn and rend a man in whose work you have been revelling for the past three hours? The anomaly recalls to me from my schooldays a certain form-master who was a most amiable, easy-going creature throughout term-time, but who at the end of every term sent in a most vindictive report of his every pupil. "Makes no effort to compensate for natural lack of ability, sloth being his one apparent aim"; "His progress both in work and in manners has been in a backward direction, and lamentably rapid"; "Idle, impertinent and, not infrequently, underhand"—such were his descriptions of even the most industrious and intelligent and innocent of his charges, to whom he had never once spoken a harsh word. In most cases, the personality of a man as expressed in his writings is quite different from his real self, nor is it always easy to accommodate style to facts; thus the inconsistency in this form-master might have been explained on the supposition that he had a strong literary bent towards invective, and that his pen ran away with him. But how to explain the similar

inconsistency of illiterate first-nighters? The old instinct of savagery, the old joy in inflicting pain for pain's sake, may account for it: bears being now protected by law, dramatists are baited in their stead. A safer explanation is that the public, being now half-educated, knows enough to be sure that whatever gives it really keen pleasure must be very sorry stuff. Intellectually, then, these caterwaulings are a sign of grace. But they are very bad form, and ought to be discontinued. The drunkard does not yell curses at the publican whose liquor has pleasantly inebriated him. If he does, he ought not to.

MAX.

BONUS SYSTEMS.

RIGHTLY, or wrongly, bonuses play a large part in modern life assurance. They had their origin in ignorance; they have their justification in justice. The methods in accordance with which profits or bonuses should be distributed have frequently been discussed by actuaries, and considerable divergence of opinion exists as to the most equitable system to adopt. Equity aims at apportioning the profits in such a way that the various classes of policy-holders receive the share of the surplus which they have earned. It is for instance appropriate that policies which have been long in force, and on which considerable reserves have been accumulated, should receive a larger proportion of the surplus arising from the interest earned being in excess of the interest assumed; and that new policies, on which little or no reserves have been accumulated, should receive a smaller proportion of the profit derived from interest.

On the other hand lives which have been recently medically examined are likely to be healthier than the lives of policy-holders who have been insured for many years; and it is therefore appropriate that the profits derived from the mortality experienced being more favourable than the mortality provided for should be given in larger proportion to new assurers than to old. There is a third principal source of profit, which is derived from the expenditure provided for being greater than the expenditure incurred, and as obtaining new business is a great deal more expensive than maintaining old business, it is perhaps appropriate that a larger proportion of the surplus derived from this source should be allotted to old policy-holders than to new ones.

Such considerations as these present many attractions, and the method of distributing bonuses on this principle is called the "Contribution Method". Unfortunately it is easier to talk about than to apply, and it suffers from the important drawback that the ordinary policy-holder cannot understand the working of the system, and is little able to estimate future results from a consideration of the past.

From this latter point of view the system of uniform reversionary bonuses has much to recommend it; on this plan the sum assured is increased by a uniform percentage, which, when "simple" bonuses are given, is calculated upon the sum originally assured, and when "compound" bonuses are given is reckoned upon the sum assured, and upon previous reversionary bonuses which have not been commuted for cash, or for a reduction of premium. Normally the system of simple reversionary bonuses is unduly favourable to new policies, and unfavourable to policies of long duration. The compound reversionary bonus gives effect to the fact that policies of long standing make larger contributions to surplus than policies which have been recently effected; and it is generally recognised that the compound reversionary bonus system does substantial justice to different classes of policy-holders while at the same time it is easily understood and enables a fair judgment of the future to be formed from the experience of the past.

Any of these systems of bonus distribution may to a large extent be made equitable as among different classes of policy-holders by an appropriate calculation of the premiums charged, and by the adoption of appropriate methods of valuation. But there are two other distinctions among bonus systems, one of which can be unhesitatingly described as substantially just, and the other as inherently opposed to the true principles of mutual life assurance. With a quinquennial

distribution of surplus, and the declaration of an interim bonus for such policies as become claims between one valuation and the next, an adequate share of the surplus is given to every participating policy-holder. This is not the case under the Tontine, or deferred bonus system, which reserves the profits exclusively for those policy-holders who survive a tontine period of 10, 15, or, more usually, 20 years. The holders of tontine policies who die before the expiration of the tontine period pay more than their insurance protection has actually cost, and this is fundamentally opposed to the essential idea of mutual life assurance. We have frequently pointed out the injustice of the tontine system, and the abuses to which it all too readily lends itself; but many of the vendors of such policies possess the knack of presenting their wares in an attractive guise, and the fact cannot be too strongly insisted upon that the part of the premium which purchases the right to participate in tontine bonuses is pure gambling, and is entirely opposed to the principle upon which the major part of the premium, which is employed to purchase insurance protection, is invested. Roughly speaking, three-fourths of the premium on tontine policies is employed to buy assurance, and one-fourth of the premium is employed to purchase tontine bonuses; this latter is undisguised gambling which is the exact negation of assurance.

CORRESPONDENCE.

SMALLPOX AND VACCINATION.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

41 Chester Terrace, Regent's Park, N.W.
15 October, 1901.

SIR,—A remarkable article published by you on 5 October under the heading "Smallpox and the Conscience Clause" affords an alarming glimpse of the dangerous pretensions of the modern pseudo-scientist. To the genuine achievements of science we all in these days pay the cheerful tributes of wonder and admiration, and there is nothing that speaks to us in the name of science that we are not inclined fondly to cherish. But it now appears that we may be nourishing a viper in our bosom; and after being warned against any inquiry into his procedure on the ground (likely enough) that it is beyond our comprehension, we must steel ourselves against "unnecessary and painful emotions" and submit ourselves and our offspring with what frequency he chooses to his experimental stings, under the pains and penalties of a revived Inquisition.

We are not to be reasoned with or answered if we object; we are not even to bespeak consideration for the consciences of others. "The intrusion of conscience into an affair of this kind is a wicked anachronism." We are simply to be excommunicated. Here are the outrageous words you suffer to appear in your columns respecting not the diseased person, not the leper, not the man with smallpox, but the healthy person who has nothing against him except that he has a clear conscience, a whole skin, and a clean body and will not believe that there is no way of salvation from smallpox except by being cowpoxed. Although perfectly healthy he is to be treated as "vicious matter and a public danger". "The means of public conveyance", says your article, "should be closed to him, all shops, schools, theatres, churches, hotels, public-houses and restaurants should refuse to harbour him; his linen should not go to the wash, his shoes to the cobbler nor his letters through the post".

Of course one assumes that on subjects of this kind the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW himself pays the tribute to what he may think to be authority, and, whatever his responsibility, is not himself directly responsible for this article. And even if he were, it would be indeed unlike the SATURDAY REVIEW if against exhortations of this sort the proposed victim were permitted no defence.

And first, I beg that you and your unsuspecting readers will not be put off your guard by the ingenious plea that it is only the bacteriologist that is "in a position even to understand the evidence regarding the

artificial production of relative or complete immunity to a disease". From this and the context, it might easily be concluded, as we are of course expected to conclude, that immunity, "relative or complete", is secured by vaccination in the opinion of all bacteriologists. No one would imagine that the man who is to be excommunicated could, if not gagged, quote chapter and verse from not only a bacteriologist, but a specialist in cow-pox in denial of the production of immunity by vaccination, and also in denial of an equally ingenious insinuation that vaccination, once empirical, is now justified by modern serumtherapy. I quote the Professor of Comparative Pathology and Bacteriology in King's College (Mr. E. M. Crookshank) who in his book on "The History and Pathology of Vaccination" Vol. I. page 463 says:—

"The statement that the protective measures which have been introduced by Pasteur, such as inoculation for chicken cholera, anthrax and rabies, are analogous to Jenner's vaccination as a protective against smallpox is the most recent extension of the fallacious theory of cow-smallpox. Pasteur's system is the same in principle as the old method of small-pox inoculation. Variolation, though a dangerous practice, can at least claim to be based upon scientific grounds—the prevention or modification of a disease by artificially inducing a mild attack of that disease. Jenner's substitution of cow-pox inoculation was a purely empirical treatment based upon folklore, and involved a totally different pathological principle—the protection from one disease by the artificial induction of a totally distinct disease—a principle which was not, and has not been since, supported by either clinical experience or pathological experiments. The Jennerian method has for nearly a century struggled for existence with the support of the cow-smallpox theory and the numerous and ingenious explanations of failures embodied in the assertions of spurious cow-pox, inefficiently performed vaccination, inferior quality of lymph, deficiency in the number and quality of marks, and the misinterpretation of statistics. Inoculation of cow-pox does not have the least effect in affording immunity from the analogous disease in man, syphilis, and neither does cow-pox, horse-pox, sheep-pox, cattle plague nor any other radically dissimilar disease, exercise any specific protective power against human smallpox. Inoculation of cow-pox, horse-pox, and cattle plague have totally failed to exterminate smallpox; and for the eradication of this disease we must in future resort to methods similar to those proposed by Haygarth, which in modern times have been so successful in stamping out diseases of the lower animals. . . . There can be no doubt that ere long a system of compulsory notification and isolation will replace vaccination. Indeed I maintain that where isolation and vaccination have been carried out in the face of an epidemic, it is isolation which has been instrumental in staying the outbreak, though vaccination has received the credit."

I have purposely lengthened this quotation in order to include the last sentence which supplies you with the reply to another point in your contributor's article. Here on the only authority we are henceforth allowed to plead (the authority of a bacteriologist) the control over smallpox to-day as compared with former times is explained by our methods of isolation. If you want any corroboration of that opinion you have only to look at the Registrar-General's table of the mortality from zymotic diseases in London and see the difference in the smallpox record before 1886 and since, 1886 being the first year of the systematic removal of cases to the hospital ships.

With regard to the statistics constituting an alleged proof of the heavier incidence of the disease on the unvaccinated I have not space to show how far it is from being the case that only fanatics contest them and the conclusions from them. A statistical argument cannot be a short argument. But I refer you again to the bacteriologist, certainly not a fanatic, who tells you, in the passage above quoted, how the explanations of the failures of vaccination include the "misinterpretation of statistics".

I cannot abuse my privilege by asking more of your space. I venture to say that no reader of the article I complain of could imagine from the violent references of your contributor to the antivaccinator as "only a specially dangerous and pestilent instance of the kind of persons who have opposed every branch of medical study and medical investigation" that he had behind him the authority in the matters I have referred to of so distinguished a bacteriologist as Professor Crookshank. Was this due to ignorance on the part of your contributor or to wilful concealment? If to the former, you are to be consoled with, having honestly taken your contributor for a man of wider knowledge; if to the latter, I presume the excommunication he would mete out to us will be, as far as possible, meted out to him. In either case some amends will be made to the antivaccinator; but he demands no more than the common justice of the fair discussion of his case, free from the constant and irritating imputation of that ignorance to him which is really attributable to his arrogant critics, whether on the bench or on the press. He is generally a convert, tardily driven from the side of favour to the side of persecution. He therefore knows both sides. His persecutors refuse to know more than one.

I am, Sir, yours sincerely,

ALEX. PAUL.

[Mr. Paul will forgive us if we do not attempt to convert him in a foot-note. In the article to which he refers reasons were given for excluding from the columns of a weekly review a technical discussion of a bacteriological question, and we shall not now discuss the significance of the quotation from Professor Crookshank's volumes. There are times and places for such discussion; and, if Mr. Paul does not know it, he must take our assurance that the arguments of Professor Crookshank are neither unknown to bacteriologists nor ignored by them. If Mr. Paul will steel himself to read our article again, he will see that our objection to "conscience" in this matter is not the result on the owner of the conscientious scruple, but its danger to others. When there is smallpox about, the bodies of the unvaccinated, by their offer of hospitality to the disease, are a danger to the community. "I will take the risk of suffering for my own belief" says the conscientiously unvaccinated; and we are prepared to respect his claim. But, by implication, he adds: "I will take the risk of others suffering for my belief"; that is the "wicked anachronism". If there be conscience in the matter, the conscientiously unvaccinated should cheerfully undergo the sanitary method of isolation directed against himself, while an epidemic is among us. He is then on a secure pinnacle, void of offence or danger to all but himself. If our correspondent thinks he can make any point by painfully differentiating the writer of the article from the Editor of this Review, he is on a wrong tack.—ED. S.R.]

FREE LIBRARIES AND TRASHY LITERATURE.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

The Gresham Club, 14 Oct., 1901.

SIR,—I have been a reader and for the most part a subscriber to your paper since its first number; I am amazed that the SATURDAY REVIEW should give itself away in printing the anonymous letter in its last issue. As I live on the very borders of Chelsea I have frequently visited the Chelsea Free Library. The librarian Mr. Quin is one of the most competent in London and has assured me that the purchase of novels is but five per cent. of the expenditure on books. Would your correspondent exclude fiction entirely when he must know that some of the best reading of the day takes that form? His assertion is a libel on good work done.

Yours faithfully,

T. G. NORTON.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

17 Welbeck Mansions, Inglewood Road,
West Hampstead, N.W., 17 October, 1901.

SIR,—I beg to endorse the statement of "A Chelsea Ratepayer". For example the Central Hampstead

Library has on its shelves that book of beastly drunken scenes "Bowery Tales, Crane (S.)". What good can be done by circulating a work of the kind?

Yours faithfully,

A HAMPSTEAD RESIDENT.

UNCRITICAL CRITICISM.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

Bangalore, 1901.

SIR,—In your issue of the 17th ult. in the article "Uncritical Criticism", you say "At the earliest moment for which we have evidence, say A.D. 50, we find Christians believing in a divine Christ, in His Resurrection, and in all that is involved in His unique personality". Why is 50 A.D. fixed as the earliest moment for which we have evidence? In 1 Cor. xv. the Apostle Paul says that he preached unto them the gospel which they also received, by which they are saved—just as he had received it, how that Christ died for our sins according to the Scriptures: that He was buried, and that He rose again the third day, according to the Scriptures: and then the Apostle goes on to enumerate those by whom He was seen about that time, and best of all as seen by himself, and goes on to say "Therefore whether it were I or they, so we preach, and so ye believed". This shows very clearly that all the Apostles preached the same doctrine at all times after the Resurrection as in Acts v. 42.

When people deny the Resurrection of Christ nowadays, they forget what is involved in it, as S. Paul tells the Corinthians who denied His resurrection in his day—"For if the dead rise not, then is not Christ raised: and if Christ be not raised, your faith is vain: ye are yet in your sins". "If in this life only we have hope in Christ, we are of all men most miserable."

If the faith of the Christians in S. Paul's day who denied the Resurrection was vain, and they remained in their sins, those who deny the Resurrection at the present day are in the same condition, and they only proclaim to the world that they prefer to remain in their natural sinful state, and so frustrate the grace of God in Christ Jesus (Gal. ii. 21). This doctrine is not new, the Sadducees held it in our Lord's time, and all the Apostles had to combat the same idea in their day, if the Acts and their Epistles are accepted as any evidence. The Gospel never forces itself on any man, as our Lord says "He that hath ears to hear, let him hear". It is only so-called churchmen who attempt to force their ideas on people by threats of damnation &c. They are all false who do so; the true Gospel, as Luther says, brings peace, comfort and consolation to all who believe in Christ Jesus as their risen Saviour and Lord.

I am, yours faithfully,

WM. T. FISCHER.

CHRISTIAN CONVERTS IN INDIA.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

Mangalore, Malabar Coast, 1901.

SIR,—Not long ago Dr. Welldon, Bishop of Calcutta, is reported to have said that the only loyal natives in India are Christian converts. I understand that he has subsequently qualified this statement; but as this is nothing unusual on the part of the over-zealous, I am not very much surprised. I should like with your permission to state some aspects of the case as presented to me. At the present time I am stationed in the Malabar coast where missionary enterprise is, for India, very fruitful. My domestic servants are Christians. My office peon also is a Christian and consequently feels himself entitled to raise his puggree (head-dress) when he salutes me. The significance of this act only those who have lived in India can appreciate. Generally speaking, the outward and visible signs of the new birth are the adoption of European dress and the more offensive European customs.

The native convert knows he worships the same God, he repeats the same creed, and dreams of the same heaven as an Englishman. He feels himself a brother in Christ. With these views will it be surprising if he makes other demands? In a short time we shall see him clamouring more persistently than any Congress wallah for "privileges and rights". He reads in the Bible that all men are brothers—how dare an Englishman then deny him home rule and treat him as a conquered subject? The process is in development and only requires time for perfection. I shall not try to decide whether the convert is right or wrong in his aspirations; nor are these aspirations a direct result, but a side-issue, of his conversion. Would it be out of place to remind the Bishop of Calcutta that the Master Himself distinguished between politics and religion when He said "Render unto Cæsar the things that are Cæsar's; and unto God the things that are God's"?

Having taught the Hindus about the execution of Charles I. and the deposition of James II., the Congress was the inevitable, if illogical, outcome; and Bishop Welldon ought to be very thankful if native converts do not regard a common creed as a great leveller, and demand the right of governing themselves.

It is not my purpose in this letter to excite argument about the desirability of Congress ideals: what I wish to point out is that if these ideals are distasteful to the governing class, Christianity as it is practised is more likely to aggravate the evil. I do not pose as an authority on the subject of religious conversion; but sometimes onlookers see most of the game, and it is not always necessary to become a bishop before one can appreciate plain facts and obvious tendencies. Enclosing my card,

I remain, Sir,

Your obedient servant,

F. DE M.

[Our correspondent plainly is not "an authority on the subject of Christian conversion". The dangers he suggests could only arise from a total misconception of Christianity, a misconception which such men as Dr. Welldon are able to appreciate and guard against. Of course the statement that the only loyal natives of India are the converts, if it was really made, was entirely unwise and unjust. But unwise teaching does not excuse animus against all Christian missionaries.]

ED. S. R.]

TENURE AND THE CHURCH CONGRESS.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

Woodbury, Malvern Link, 16 October, 1901.

SIR,—There is one passage in Mr. Griffith-Boscawen's paper which he read at Brighton to which I would draw the attention of the readers of the SATURDAY REVIEW. It is that relating to tenure.

It runs as follows—"the existing school buildings to be used rent free, in return for which the local managers, whether members of School Boards or managers of voluntary schools, to have the right of appointing and dismissing the teachers submit, in the first case, to the approval of, and, in the second case, to an appeal to, the county authority."

Mr. Boscawen can hardly have said this in his capacity as Fourth Charity Commissioner for the past policy of the Charity Commission has been opposed to any appeal whatever, and it would appear also that his views do not exactly tally with those of the promotion of last sessions Elementary Teachers' Tenure Bill.

Can it be that Mr. Boscawen is one of that small and select band answerable for the withdrawal of that measure?

In any case it is a matter to be welcomed that nobody at this meeting of the Church Congress displayed the slightest opposition to this principle of a right of appeal in case of dismissal.

I am, Sir,

Your obedient servant,

THOMAS ALLEN.

REVIEWS.

SIR JAMES PAGET.

"Memoirs and Letters of Sir James Paget." Edited by Stephen Paget. London: Longmans. 1901. 12s. 6d. net.

THE life of a great doctor is seldom marked by much external adventure; the quiet routine of library and laboratory, of hospital and private practice, occasional holidays spent at obvious resorts, and a steady growth in knowledge, reputation and prosperity fill with low tones the canvas of Sir James Paget's history. Paget was born in Yarmouth and spent his boyhood there. He tells us that he remembered the "roasting of a whole ox in the market-place, when George IV. was crowned, and the throwing of pieces of the half-cooked beef among the crowd", the detail in the latter part of the recollection showing that already in childhood he possessed the faculty of accurate observation by which in after life he was able to see so much that others had missed. His father was a brewer and merchant, important and of high repute in the town. In Paget's younger days he was wealthy, but before the great surgeon began medical study the tide of prosperity ebbed. Not only did Paget receive little financial help from his father but he contributed a considerable proportion of his earnings for many years towards settling with his father's creditors. After an indifferent education at a local school and a fortunately abortive attempt to enter the Navy Paget was apprenticed to a local medical practitioner. In later years, he had so much influence in the development of the modern mode of medical education that his comments on the old system of apprenticeship are interesting. The term of apprenticeship was five years, but after four and a half he was allowed to go to a London hospital. "I cannot doubt" he wrote, "that the period thus spent was too long. The first year of it might have been more usefully spent in some good school, the last in a London hospital; but the advantages of an apprenticeship were, or at least might be, far greater than is now commonly supposed. Many things of great utility in after life could be thoroughly learned; things of which the ignorance is now a frequent hindrance to success: such as dispensing, and a practical knowledge of medicines, and the modes of making them; account-keeping; the business-like habits needed for practice; care and neatness and cleanliness in all minor surgery. Besides, in most cases, as in my own, the elements of anatomy could be slowly learned; there was time for reading and for natural history or any branch of science by which the habit of observing might be gained; and there was ample opportunity for observation in practice, without being confused in a crowd of cases in which it is, for a student, specially difficult either to study the whole or to make a good choice".

In the course of his apprenticeship, Paget took up the study of botany and became an ardent collector of plants. He corresponded with Hooker, exchanging plants with him, and so laid the foundation of a friendship which lasted throughout his life. With his brother he wrote and published a "Natural History of Great Yarmouth", a volume the preparation of which trained him in the habit of careful and exact descriptive cataloguing, which later he turned to valuable account in his great work in the museum of the College of Surgeons. The next stage in his career was his migration to London and the beginning of his very long connexion with S. Bartholomew's Hospital. In his memoirs, there are given many descriptions of the lecturers and mode of work at that great school of medicine. When Paget joined, it was far from prosperous; internal jealousies and the rivalry of private schools, in which the preparation for examinations was better conducted, had lessened its prestige, and the number of students was rapidly diminishing. None the less he found ample opportunity for work, and a sufficiency of teaching, and very rapidly he became noticed as one from whom many things were expected. In his first year he made a discovery of considerable importance. In two subjects in the anatomy room, Paget, like the other students and teachers, saw a multitude of

minute specks in the muscles; unlike the others, however, he examined them minutely, and discovered that they consisted of tiny encapsuled worms. It gives a curious vision of the different equipment of science in London in these days to read that when he wished to examine the specimens under the microscope he found that there was no microscope at S. Bartholomew's; he was given an introduction to the chief of the Natural History Department of the British Museum; but that official had no microscope; finally one was discovered in the room of Robert Brown, the great botanist. The parasite in question is what is now known as *Trichina spiralis*, which, reaching the human body in uncooked pork, sets up the disease called trichinosis, and Paget's observation was an extremely important step in the discovery of the natural history of the disease. The young student, however, did not get credit beyond his immediate entourage, for Sir Richard Owen, with a promptitude that might have been envied by a gold-claim "jumper", obtained specimens and described and named the new animal in a paper read at a meeting of the Zoological Society. In due course, Paget became legally qualified as a medical man and then settled down to a very long and serious waiting time. There was a system of hospital apprenticeship which made it very difficult for an outsider, however able, to get a position on the staff. By old custom, the hospital apprentices, who had paid a considerable sum of money and who had spent at least four years at the hospital, had a first claim on vacancies, and there were nineteen apprentices waiting. Many efforts were made by himself and by his friends, but it was only after seven years and then with difficulty that Paget obtained a real post in the hospital. In the interval he acted as curator of the Museum; he took pupils, and he did a very large amount of medical journalism and writing. One acquirement of great practical utility served him well. In the course of his student career he had learned to read scientific German. A number of German writers, in particular Hildebrandt and Müller, were pouring out work of almost revolutionary importance, and very few of the English medical men were able to read in foreign tongues. Paget wrote that he could never forget "being asked by Marshall Hall and Kiernan to call on them that I might translate to them what Müller had just published on the 'reflex function' and on the structure of the liver. I can half pity the students of the present day, for whom there is no such easy or agreeable way to distinction". In 1842 he began to write the Pathological Catalogue of the College of Surgeons Museum, a task which in reality was taking up again the unfinished work of Hunter. It occupied him throughout several hours a day for seven years, but it made his election to the Professorship of the Royal College certain, and it was the foundation of his great knowledge of pathology. In 1843 he was made lecturer on physiology, and not long afterwards became assistant surgeon to the hospital. The real period of waiting was over, for although lecturing and museum work still absorbed the greater part of his time, and private practice hardly existed for him his continuous close contact with students laid the foundation of his future consulting practice. He for long had been engaged to be married and on his appointment to the lectureship he did marry. He took a large part in the formation of a residential college and became its first warden. In that capacity he rapidly acquired great influence, and, under his care, the college gained reputation and the number of students at the hospital rapidly increased. In 1851 he resigned the wardenship, took a house in the West End and almost at once became successful. Until he had been a surgeon for sixteen years, his income from private practice had never exceeded £100; in his first year in the West End it was about £700; it increased gradually until it exceeded £10,000.

His success was much more than financial, and Paget rapidly became as well known and as greatly respected in the world at large as he had been in the medical school and hospital. He continued throughout his life the devotion to new knowledge that marked his student days, and his memoirs and letters give ample testimony of the esteem in which he was held by English and foreign men of science. The personal side

of his character is displayed with the greatest clearness, and those who knew him only by repute will find in this volume a portrait almost to the life of a great doctor and an austere yet kindly, reverent yet critical man.

MR. LILLY'S RENAISSANCE.

"Renaissance Types." By W. S. Lilly. London: Unwin. 1901. 16s.

WE welcome back Mr. Lilly from his unaccountable wandering into the foreign and uncongenial land of fiction. In the essay he is again on his native heath; and the present volume well satisfies the hope we expressed on parting not reluctantly with that unfortunate "Year of Life" that we should never meet Mr. Lilly again in the society novel, but often and soon in his own natural and better world. In "Renaissance Types" Mr. Lilly makes an acceptable contribution to the better understanding of a period vaguely named and more vaguely apprehended. He has not only gathered together with admirable lucidity and compactness much that lies scattered in the pages of great continental authors; he has also viewed the particulars in a general and definite light of his own. He cites his authorities as witnesses for his case, and not as mere material for unoriginal comment.

The Renaissance proper was by origin purely Italian and purely literary;—what Bolingbroke has finely termed "The Resurrection of Letters". Books rose again at the call of the Humanists, and with books classical art and classical attitude. Mediæval ideas were satirised as "darkness", Greek and Roman ideas were hailed as "light". Italy infected Germany, France (which Mr. Lilly has omitted) and eventually England.

But this which was then most in evidence is not the activity which has most prevailed and persevered. The invention of printing popularised the movement; and, as it became popularised, the awakening developed into a rebellion. Aesthetic indifferentism was perforce pressed into the fray; and what had begun merely by protesting against ignorance and superstition ended by protesting against caste-privilege and cosmopolitan authority. In this movement, which still endures, the Teutonic and not the Latin races played the chief part. Nationality and democracy were born of it as well as freedom in thought and Protestantism in religion. The Latin and the Teutonic championships need to be separated, a point which Mr. Lilly has omitted; and the clue of race should never be neglected in history. But, common to both, was the reaction against conventions. In every department the Renaissance remounted to first principles. Throughout, both in letters and in life, its keynote was emancipation. Mr. Lilly has portrayed five "Renaissance types" and has affixed their labels. Michael Angelo—"The Artist"; Reuchlin—"The Savant"; Erasmus—"The Man of Letters"; Luther—"The Revolutionist"; and More—"The Saint". He has thus indicated their drift and such indications should perhaps not be too closely criticised. But, surely, Reuchlin, if a "Savant", was also a man of letters, and Erasmus was also both. It seems to us that the speciality of Erasmus was criticism. He was at once dispassionate and fastidious. He represented instructed opinion arrayed against monastic ignorance alike and vulgar vehemence. Reuchlin, on the other hand, seems to us the embodiment of the cause of education. His cry was free study as against ecclesiastical despotism. Luther alone, driven, as Mr. Lilly points out, against his will, the freedom of which he theologised, denied, and favoured by the schemes of Rome-resenting princes, became the voice of public opinion against the tradition of papal prerogative. He was the demagogue malgré lui who was condemned to witness the orgies which his license eventually evoked. Erasmus desired reform in the great cosmopolitan confederacy of centuries. With the "temporal power" he had nothing to do. Luther began as a reformer and ended as an iconoclast. Like Samson, he involved himself in the ruins of his revenge. Mr. Lilly's account of Luther is the ablest that we have yet read. His peasant nature, his egotistical theology, his essential intolerance are analysed and exemplified in a spirit of perfect fairness. He points out

—we believe for the first time—that "one immediate result of the Lutheran Revolution was to rivet the spiritual slavery of the German people. Another was to fit them for that slavery by undermining such moral ideals as the indulgence-mongers had left among them". He also points out that Luther of course never intended the inevitable results of his actions; but circumstances were too strong for him. He made conscience a shuttlecock of the civil power. . . . "The history of Germany at the period of which I am writing teems with examples of the rigour wherewith this princely prerogative was exercised. . . . The Rhenish Palatinate, Catholic until 1540, was forced to become Lutheran in that year. . . . A quarter of a century afterwards his successor, Frederick, imposed Calvinism upon it; remorselessly persecuting all who held by their (the Lutheran) teaching. On Frederick's death, the country was forcibly reconverted to Lutheranism by the next elector. . . . In short. . . in a century it passed through ten phases of religious belief". Such was the outcome of "Evangelical freedom". Luther, in fact, partitioned the Pope's temporal and spiritual power. Like all great men of action who, as it were, open the sluice gates, the deluge that poured in over Europe amazed and pained him even during his lifetime. How much more surprised and saddened would he have been if he could have foreseen the French Revolution which was the logical upshot of his teaching!

Mr. Lilly throughout these essays discriminates admirably between the various forms of decadence in the Roman Hierarchy. The degeneration of most of the monks, the sensuality of many of the priests, the money-loving of some of the Popes. We could have wished for a fuller description of the "Epistolæ Obscurorum Virorum", as also for some mention of the possibility that Erasmus himself contributed to them under the rose. Mr. Lilly comments amusingly on even Reuchlin's philological absurdities. These, we may point out, are expressly paralleled in the famous satire. Again, Mr. Lilly makes an occasional slip in his translations. "Überlegende" means "considerate" and not "high" as Mr. Lilly renders it. But these, and such as these, are after all mere trifles. It would be hypercritical to complain. His account of More is admirable; learned, pathetic, and life-like. But we must dissent from Mr. Lilly in considering More a "Renaissance Type". By some of such types he was influenced, through others of such types he fell. In his entirety he belongs far more to a previous and a succeeding age, half Wykeham, half Milton. But we appreciate to the full Mr. Lilly's excellent criticism of the "Utopia". Mr. Lilly has further rendered a real service to history in emphasising without rancour the many falsifications of James Anthony Froude, whose curious twist of mind runs together with a singular charm of style and sympathy. Mere lapses are often unimportant, but many of these errors lie at the roots of meaning.

We could wish that Mr. Lilly had included Rabelais, Von Hutten, Machiavelli, and, above all, Pico Mirandola. Perhaps on some future occasion he will fill up the gap. While we do not wholly agree with every proposition advanced in this work, we are deeply indebted to him for enabling us to reshape our own conclusions, and for presenting the panorama of what is constantly surveyed from the standpoint of a part.

A GREAT LAW BOOK.

"Arnould on the Law of Marine Insurance." By E. L. de Hart and R. I. Simey. Seventh edition. 2 vols. London: Stevens and Sons Limited. 1901. £3 3s.

THOSE of us who are not lawyers have probably little conception of the life-history of a great legal text-book, its toilsome birth into the world, its slow but steady growth in popularity, its eventual acceptance, after much wagging of professional heads, as the standard work in its own branch. So far its life-history, save that it has been somewhat slow, is that of many another book, of Ruskin's "Modern Painters", for instance, or even of books otherwise subject to

no normal law, such as a story by Mr. Kipling: but whereas a popular novel is reprinted by thousands or tens of thousands as the years go by, and each edition is a literal reproduction of the original, as the law develops a text-book, however great, becomes out of date. Cases are explained, or reversed by higher courts: some legal principles develop at the expense of others and not only a new edition but considerable rewriting becomes necessary. The first edition of Sir William Blackstone's famous "Commentaries" was printed in 1765: by 1841 it had run through twenty editions, and to-day it is impossible to say to how many able editors the distinguished Justice of the Common Pleas owes thanks, or how much of Blackstone's original lectures they really give us. The editor's task is a difficult one. He may contemptuously rearrange and almost rewrite the book. Earlier editors very often do: later and more reverent hands realise the value of the original work and cutting away the crust of glosses restore the original outline.

Sir J. Arnould, who was at one time Judge of the Court in Bombay and subsequently of the High Court here, published his book in 1848: the third edition in 1865 and subsequent editions felt the hand of editor MacLachlan heavy upon them: and now after more than half a century Arnould's book still holds the field as the authority, and the present editors have wisely returned to Arnould's arrangement and Arnould's text. The book starts with definitions which are as clear as the unfortunate language which English marine insurers employ will allow: such a phrase as "The thing which the reassured insures is the thing originally assured" (p. 387) owes all its obscurity and most of its infelicity to the merchants and not to the lawyers. It is high time that some different terms were introduced to distinguish the person insuring, the person insured, and the thing insured. The editors have done their work conscientiously and well; while restoring Arnould's original arrangement, and retaining much of his text, they have embodied most of the recent cases down to May 1901 with care and discrimination.

The object of marine insurance is to relieve the merchant's mind of the uncertainty of the sea peril, and to leave him free to attend to his proper work, the chaffering of the market and the adjustment of supply and demand. The natural result is that the marine insurer's contract is one of indemnity, he undertakes to make good to the merchant any loss the latter has actually suffered. This common-sense view of the contract the law has always emphatically insisted on, requiring every merchant insuring to have an "interest" in the property insured, and refusing to allow insurance to be effected beyond that amount. In neither case has the practice of the merchants quite squared with the theory of the courts; on the latter point there is not any very serious difference: many insurance policies are known as "value" policies, which put the value of the goods insured at a definite sum; and if a total loss occurs the courts will allow that amount to be recovered, though it be not the precise value of the property, unless there has been a gross miscalculation. On the question of "interest" there is more difficulty; in the City what are known as P.P.I. policies are common, the letters meaning "policy proof of interest", or that the insurer is not to require any further proof of the merchant's interest than the policy itself: no one in the City would think of disputing the validity of such a policy, whether in fact the merchant insuring has any interest or not, but the courts will. So recently as last year a case came into court when by way of a "gamble", and without any interest in the vessel, the plaintiffs had taken out a P.P.I. policy, nominally to insure a vessel arriving at Yokohama on a given date, really by way of a wager against her arrival. Neither side ventured to incur the contempt of City opinion by arguing that the policy was void for want of interest, but on the facts coming out the court expressly set it aside on that ground. The editors have hardly made enough of this conflict between the City and the courts or given sufficient prominence to the decision in *Gedge v. Royal Exchange Assurance*, the case in question. It is, however, a small point: broadly speaking, their work merits nothing but unstinted praise.

NOVELS.

"New Canterbury Tales." By Maurice Hewlett. Westminster: Constable. 1901. 6s.

It is strange and at the first blush gratifying that a writer, whose every expression is studiously archaic, should have secured a certain vogue with the novel-reading public both in England and even in America. But the most cursory glance through Mr. Hewlett's pages reveals to us what a clumsy and pretentious sham is his affectation of the antique. Like the author of the "Golden Girl", he is a pains-taking collector of mediæval names: among his everyday characters are Percival Perceforest, Mistress Mawdelyn Touchett, Paravail and Peridore, the Blessed Vigilas, and Pierfrancesco Visdomini of Peschiera. But this is really the beginning and end of his mediævalism. The stories themselves are little more than an insipid resurrection pie of Boccaccio, Rabelais, the "Cent Nouvelles Nouvelles", with perhaps a slight dash of Chaucer, put together by a very plain modern cook. The stories meander pointlessly through a great maze of disconnected incidents and the chief impression they leave behind is that of a peculiarly restless nightmare. Humour is generally absent, but the descriptions of nature are not always bad, and we confess to a sneaking kindness for one Captain Brazenhead, whose character is illustrated by his habit of swearing "By Cock!" or "By Cock and his Father!" On the whole, however, we confess to preferring the "New Sandford and Merton" to the "New Canterbury Tales". "I suppose", says one of the characters, "it will be agreeable to this company that I should relate such a tale as that". But we are inclined to reply with Captain Brazenhead, "it will be very disagreeable to me, Sir, and there you have the bitter truth".

"The History of Sir Richard Calmady." By Lucas Malet. London: Methuen. 1901. 6s.

Lucas Malet possesses undoubted originality and it seems regrettable that she should abuse her gift in deference to modern cravings for sensation. Her leisurely, almost verbose diction, her vivid descriptions, her keen sense of scenery fit her for the production of something better than her present task. Her chief mistake—unfortunately a common one at the present day—lies in her misapprehension of what constitutes strength. Setting out to write a strong book, she has only weakened it by making it unsavoury. It is also regrettable that she should not make a consistent effort to overcome the moroseness, which is her dominant note. Some such effort is apparent at the very end, where, doubtless under pressure from her publisher, she grudgingly affords us a glimpse of happiness, slurring over it as much as she can, and failing utterly to bring it into harmony with the rest of the book. Only three of the characters are afforded any prominence, the others being mere shadows in the background. The crippled hero, his mother and an adventuress are described with infinite minuteness, but we should have been glad to make closer acquaintance with the heroine, or rather with the lady who finally becomes the hero's wife. The author has a strange trick, perhaps borrowed from Homer, of allotting to each of her creatures a constantly recurring adjective, which is not a little irritating. Revision and condensation would certainly improve this long book, but it would be unfair to deny it a large measure of cleverness and interest.

"Alice of Old Vincennes." By Maurice Thompson. London: Cassell. 1901. 6s.

Mr. Maurice Thompson has made a mistake in his title. It is true that a good deal of this book—a story of the days before the American Declaration of Independence—is written round Alice of Old Vincennes, a charming creature who dresses in moccasins, and fences nearly as well as Father Beret, who taught her; and who, moreover, falls in love with Lieutenant Fitzhugh Beverley in a somewhat public manner. But the greater part of the story is concerned with fighting, scalping, and backwoodsmen of the type of Uncle Jazon, who "couldn't shoot woth a cent, but jest kind

o' happened to hit a Injun in the lef' eye". Why did not Mr. Thompson appeal to his proper public and call his story "Oncle Jazon of the Wabash"?

NEW BOOKS AND REPRINTS.

"Poets of the Younger Generation." By William Archer. London: Lane. 21s. net.

In his "prefatory note" Mr. Archer explains that his book was ready for the press in the autumn of 1899 "when the outbreak of the war in South Africa led to the postponement of publication". Mr. Kruger's ultimatum therefore came in the nick of time, but how comes it that Mr. Archer is getting his book printed now whilst the war is still going on? We think it would have been much better if he had waited till the very last embers of the war had been stamped out, and all the troops withdrawn from South Africa, and if he had then decided not to bring out the book at all: for it is a fatuous book illustrated with woodcuts which are affectations. In the introduction we are treated not to the minor poets so much as to Mr. Archer; and it is not to be denied that they who value Mr. Archer's opinions will here get their money's worth. They will thrill when they read that "I have probably made myself out a greater barbarian than I am. But the fact remains, and the murder will out, that I am of the Keats-Tennyson, not of the Shelley-Browning faction". They will be not less deeply moved when they read:—"For Christina Rossetti I have the very highest regard. William Morris I read with admiration and pleasure—when I have time..." "Matthew Arnold I delight in. My love for Rossetti is greater than, according to the strict letter of my critical principles, it ought to be"..."Dante I read and re-read, but otherwise know scarcely anything of Italian poetry"..."Shakespeare the dramatist I came to know, in a general way, pretty early, both on the stage and off; but my appreciation of Shakespeare the poet came only with maturity and has grown with each succeeding year..."Coleridge, of course, came in the train of Wordsworth, and 'The Ancient Mariner' seemed to me at seventeen, what it seems to me now, the most magical of poems, an inspiration and a miracle." But it is not only in the introduction that we have fascinating glimpses of Mr. Archer. He runs more or less all through the volume. We shall find him on the pages dealing with Mr. Tabb, Mr. Bliss Carman, Mr. Rudyard Kipling and many another of his younger poets. We are privileged to hear the very words he speaks when he is reading Mr. Kipling. "Again and again in reading Mr. Kipling's work, whether in prose or verse I have said to myself: 'This is remarkable, this is powerful, this is even beautiful—but is it literature? Is it not journalism raised to its highest potency? Does this writer own due allegiance to the great traditions of the language? Can he claim a place in the august procession of our poets? Is he of the tribe of Chaucer, Milton, and Wordsworth? What's Tennyson to him, or he to Tennyson?'" There are rather more than five hundred and sixty pages of this sort of thing mixed with quotations from the poets discussed.

"Cavalier and Puritan in the Days of the Stuarts." By Lady Newdigate-Newdegate. London: Smith, Elder. 1901. 7s. 6d.

This is an interesting and useful selection from the papers and diary of Sir Richard Newdigate, second baronet, of Arbury, Warwickshire, a place the name of which is so familiar to many readers of George Eliot. The book, even for those who are well read in the period, will probably throw a certain amount of new light on the social life of the seventeenth century. It was of such matter that Macaulay availed himself largely when he was writing his brilliant account of social England in Stuart times. The writers of the newsletters sent to Sir Richard, and included in this volume, were in those days regularly employed by wealthy people living at some distance from London, and were sometimes called "intelligencers". It was their business to collect the news and gossip of the day, very little of which found its way into print, write it down and send it to their employers. Macaulay has declared that "no part of the load which the old mails carried out was more important than the newsletters..." In the capital the coffee houses supplied in some measure the place of a journal..."Neither the Gazette nor any supplementary broadsheet, printed by authority, ever contained any intelligence which it did not suit the purposes of the Court to publish". The intelligencer of the sixteenth century compares very well indeed with the news-hunter of the twentieth.

"Epsom: its History and Surroundings." By Gordon Home. London: The Homeland Association. 1901.

This is an agreeable, but scarcely an important, addition to the numerous topographical works on Surrey. The author's illustrations are not without merit of their rather formal kind, and the whole work has evidently been a labour of love. A list of the birds of Surrey is supplied by Mr. John A. Bucknill, the acknowledged authority on the subject, with a few brief notes respecting each species. It is curious to note that both the cirl bunting and the green sandpiper are described as very scarce species in Surrey, whereas they are by no means so in

the neighbouring county of Hampshire: there the cirl bunting is frequently to be heard both on the eastern and western border, and the green sandpiper is a familiar visitor in early autumn. An interesting feature of this book is its introduction by "A. R.". On the practice of booming a book by getting some notorious person, who has had nothing whatever to do with its writing or editing, to supply a preface or introduction, we have recently had occasion to comment. But this is not a case of the kind alluded to. Lord Rosebery—who else can "A. R." be?—does know his Epsom and has a right to speak about it. And there is here no vulgar effort to boom. This little introduction is happy and graceful, altogether suited to the old-world flavour of much of the contents of Mr. Gordon Home's book.

"The Story of Some English Shires." By Mandell Creighton. London: The Religious Tract Society. 1901. 6s.

This is a new edition of the late Bishop of London's account of some of the leading events in the history of the English shires. It is a book that won, at the time of its publication three or four years ago, a good deal of praise, but we cannot regard it as worthy of so great and accomplished a scholar as Dr. Creighton. The preface to the present edition tells us that it was intended to deal with all the English shires in the same manner. We cannot altogether regret that the " manifold duties of his great position" prevented him from doing this. The task of writing a real history of all the English shires is indeed quite beyond the powers of any single man however great his knowledge, industry and intellect may be. It would only be possible to produce popular works on the subject, mere sketches, quite incomplete, probably not always very accurate. Sir Richard Colt Hoare gave the best part of a lifetime to his history of Wiltshire, and yet he did not touch every branch of the subject. We ought to add, however, that the Bishop of London was never for a moment under any misapprehension as to the nature of his work: he described it himself as "the result of impressions produced by rambles in various parts of England".

"Heroes of the Nineteenth Century: Gladstone, Havelock, Bismarck, Lincoln." By G. Barnett Smith. London: Pearson. 1901. 5s.

Let us imagine that Mr. Barnett Smith is under the impression that the heroes of the nineteenth century were Gladstone, Havelock, Bismarck, Lincoln, the publishers announce two other volumes uniform with the present, in which Nelson, Napier, Roberts, Livingstone, Wellington, Garibaldi, Grant and Gordon are dealt with. No doubt research will supply Mr. Smith's pen with yet other heroes of the century. Who cares to have this bulky presentment of the familiar facts of a quartette of great men's lives we do not know. There must be a market for it or enterprising publishers would not continue to print it. For the great majority of the volumes of biography which have been issued during the last few years there is little excuse but there is less for the binding up together of accounts of men whose careers present nothing in common.

"Owen Glyndwr." By A. E. Bradley. London: Putnams. 5s.

He is a bold man who in an historical work will leave the character of Glyndwr much as Shakespeare drew it. But Shakespeare's imagination if it exaggerated Glyndwr's superstition worked on historical lines. Perhaps Mr. Bradley too

(Continued on page 504.)

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exceeds in imagination; but the quality makes the biography very pleasant to read. Glyndwr deserves his place as one of the greatest of Welsh heroes if only for his astonishing energy and influence over all with whom he came in contact. He might have seriously altered the course of English history if he had arrived at Shrewsbury in time to help Hotspur. The reason of his non-arrival is one of the most fascinating problems of the history of the time, and we are disappointed that Mr. Bradley makes so little effort at elucidation. But perhaps after all the most probable theory is that Glyndwr knew very little about it: Hotspur deserved his name. The material is well arranged and the style pleasant.

"Aylwin." By Theodore Watts-Dunton. Snowdon Edition. London: Hurst and Blackett. 1901.

We welcome another edition of this extraordinary novel. "Aylwin" is one of the few books whose constant reappearance does not irritate us. Mr. Theodore Watts-Dunton was very right to tell us in the Introduction where could be found a fuller description by him of Knockers Llyn. We cannot imagine a single reader of "Aylwin" failing to hurry to "Sinfu Lovell and the Children of the Open Air." But we do not see that Mr. Watts-Dunton need go to Sir Walter Besant for a testimonial in methods of fiction. It is as though Dante Rossetti should have applied to Professor Herkomer.

FRENCH LITERATURE.

Propos de Félix Faure. Mémoires anecdotiques. Par "Saint-Simonin." Paris: Ollendorff. 1901. 3f. 50c.

It may be said with safety that Félix Faure was the most popular President the Third Republic has produced. By popularity we mean popularity among the masses, the majority. Those who admired the stolid honesty of "Père" Grévy (an honesty that never failed and yet was immediately questioned in true frivolous Parisian fashion after the Wilson affair), those who respected and felt affectionately towards Carnot for his kindness and simplicity, no doubt disapproved of M. Loubet's predecessor—"Félix", familiarly—with his love of display, his ambition, his pose, his eye-glass. These, however, were absurdly in the minority. Carnot became universally popular . . . when he was assassinated. France mourned him without one dissentient . . . because of his tragic end. But Félix Faure pleased the populace from the moment he entered the Elysée to the moment he left it: with his enthronement—it was almost that—he introduced the music, the military spectacles, the perpetual brilliant displays which the average Parisian (always exhilarated by brilliance) desired, and had been desiring vainly ever since the conclusion of the Franco-Prussian War. Paris wished the Elysée to entertain as the Tuileries entertained, receiving imperial guests. It was time that guards of honour should be frequently in attendance, drawn up proudly beneath glittering windows through which great chandeliers might be seen. Paris wished her President to offer his arm to an Empress, lead her to a dais; ambassadors surrounding him. And Paris got what she wanted through Félix Faure, got almost—in the matter of pageant—a king. However, according to the anonymous author of these highly interesting "Memoirs"—"revelations" would have been an apter title—Félix Faure was a Republican at heart. We, ourselves, should have modified the expression, saying that Félix Faure was a Republican simply because he was allowed to realise his dream of making the Elysée something of a palace. Had he been hindered in this design, he would no doubt have had higher plans, ambitions. Even now we are not sure that, after his return from Russia, perhaps as he drove from the Gare du Nord to the Elysée applauded by hundreds and thousands of Parisians—bowing somewhat condescendingly, a proud light in his eye—even now we are not sure that he did not believe his right position was less that of a President than of an Emperor. Hear his "confidences", as "Saint-Simonin"—an old and a trusted friend—records them:—"From the start it was easily apparent that I made a good impression on the Russians. Politicians treated me with the greatest deference; but I felt that I was watched. Everyone wished to see what kind of figure I should cut among all those helmets, those uniforms. . . . Each dignitary, each ambassador was to be presented to me; and, to each, I had to say a word, the right word. I knew that Montebello, our ambassador, was anxious. He knew well that the other ambassadors would be glad to send their Courts amusing accounts of my bearing . . . representing the President of the French Republic terrified, timid, stammering. However, they were disappointed. I gave them not the slightest opportunity of exercising their irony. All went off perfectly. Montebello was radiant; and I knew that Nicholas was enchanted also." The Tsar is always "Nicholas" in these Memoirs; a certain prince is "intelligent" and "amiable"—it was one of Félix Faure's dreams to have all the crowned heads in Europe present in Paris during the Exhibition.

And here, also, we discover further traces of Faure's desire to be connected as closely as possible with "royalty". Where, asked "Saint-Simonin", were the august visitors to

be lodged? And the reply was—In a small palace next to me, next the Elysée. The fêtes would be marvellous; Paris would witness a revival of the fêtes of the Tuileries. Europe would look on in alarm, also in admiration. It would be the apotheosis of the Republic . . . the . . . no matter! The thing was not to be. Félix Faure died in the midst of another "affaire"—graver far than Wilson's—which, had he lived, would never have been solved more or less satisfactorily. He flattered the Church and the army, on all occasions supported them. In allowing the Dreyfus case to be investigated thoroughly, he would have lost powerful allies. Also, he wished his term of Presidency to be free of scandal, of stains—believing in the "sponge" policy—to be free of disputes with foreign Powers and, at least in this last desire, would have not wished in vain had not the question of Fashoda suddenly arisen. At this time, "Saint-Simonin" found the President troubled. Again we quote him, freely:—"We had no intention whatsoever of occupying Fashoda. The Mission Marchand was purely commercial and scientific, a mission that would parade our flag but not attempt a conquest. The Minister of Colonies has always an explorer abroad, and so we do not pay much attention to such expeditions. Before we had time to recall Marchand, General Kitchener invited him to retire. Naturally, Marchand replied that he could only take orders from us. But . . . there was no ultimatum. A note from Sir Edmund Monson informed us merely that "England would be led to regard the occupation as an unfriendly act".

Then, follows an account of M. Delcassé's most able handling of the matter; follows, also, the confession that France was not ready at that moment for war, and that war was nearer after the settlement of the dispute than before. The papers were solely responsible for the alarm, the ill-feeling. "J'ai vécu", concludes Félix Faure, "des heures pleines d'angoisse. Je ne voudrais pas commencer ces semaines-là". Throughout this volume, indeed, we notice that, if Faure dreamt of becoming something higher than a President, he certainly did not aim at playing the rôle of a conqueror. He hated the idea of war. His feeling towards England and Germany was quite friendly: the German Emperor, he hoped, would visit the Exhibition and also, in spite of the gross caricatures then appearing, the Prince of Wales. Angriely, he condemned the caricatures—like the majority of Frenchmen. Perhaps, if he had lived, the "Palais des Souverains" would have received more guests during the Exhibition. But it would not have been situated in the Avenue de Bois de Boulogne; it would have risen as closely as possible to the Elysée. Here, there, and everywhere in "Saint-Simonin's" remarkable book of "confidences", come references to people whose birth was better than the late President's. He could not help himself: his aim in life was to be surrounded by "titled" personages, to pose successfully as one of them. Still, he had tact, energy, and courage, as well as incorrigible "snobbishness" and a boundless ambition.

Seule. Par Henri Ardel. Paris: Plon. 1901. 3f. 50c.

When, after losing her father and her fortune, Ghislaine de Vorges becomes a governess through the recommendation of Marc de Bresles, a struggling engineer, we expect—we get—the usual account of the anxieties and ironies experienced by a governess in a worldly mansion. It takes M. Ardel one hundred and fifty pages to accomplish this much: pages that have been written to prove Ghislaine a noble woman and Marc a noble man. They are always meeting in the street, in salons, suddenly on the stairs: on most occasions refer proudly to their poverty. After all this mediocrity we expect the usual climax: the marriage of the governess and engineer. However, M. Ardel abruptly introduces melodrama by making Ghislaine marry an old count on his death-bed; so that she becomes a widow and the step-mother of Josette, her late charge. Mother and daughter soon adore one another: the mother thinks often of Marc who is engineering somewhere, Marc—in his obscurity—thinks tenderly of Ghislaine until, returning to France, he inherits a fortune and sees Josette. Then, he loves Josette and Josette loves him; then, Ghislaine—seeing this—heroically consents to the marriage, suffers but bravely smiles. She is "Seule"! She is sad at heart. "Elle était de celles pour qui aimer, c'est se dévouer—et souffrir." And—curtain! However, we are bored to death by Marc, and are irritated by Ghislaine. Josette interests us so long as she does not blush before the engineer; in the end, she becomes as sickly as her stepmother. The theme, moreover, is old: in our readings we have come across countless governesses and engineers, death-bed marriages, heroines left "Seules"! Marc's sudden inheritance is a favourite, a shoddy trick. We have forgotten to say that, in his youth, he refused to accept an income from a relative that would have kept him away from his isthmus, viaduct, or whatever was the scene of his engineering exploits. Peine perdue! We cannot think that Marc was much of an engineer. Even M. Ardel, with all his love of limelight, dares not make him accomplish some prodigious feat. Indeed, we only hear that he is engineering . . . somewhere.

La Revue (Ancienne Revue des Revues). 15 octobre. 1f. 30c.

Journalism in no country is of sufficient interest to be "reviewed" exhaustively. The term immediately suggests

sensationalism; from it has come the word "journalise", a word full of significance. But who, in heaven's name, wants to hear about the journalism of the Argentine Republic and gaze at the photographs of Argentine journalists? Some may be interested in European journalism... but Argentine? The thing is unheard of; the audacity takes one's breath away, and so we wonder and wonder what induced M. Charles Simond to write a paper on such a totally empty and unimportant subject. Since readers of this review love to read of millionaires, a M. de Mézeray provides an account of the early days of the Rothschilds. It contains nothing new: is a réchauffé. An article on Maxime Gorki, "le poète des vagabonds", is the most intelligent and noticeable in the current number of this "popular" review.

Revue de Paris. 15 octobre. 2f. 50c.

A highly sympathetic "appreciation" of the late Prince d'Orléans occupies the place of honour; records, in graceful language, the Prince's adventures as an explorer and briefly notices his books. Baron d'Anthouard has little that is new to say about the "Future of China". France, he declares with pride, has every reason to be satisfied with the rôle she played in the affair, and concludes: "C'est à nous de donner l'exemple de la pondération et du tact, de rechercher le terrain de conciliation où pourraient se rencontrer toutes les bonnes volontés. Notre diplomatie a déjà joué ce rôle dans les négociations en cours; elle en a retiré honneur et profit. Il est à souhaiter qu'elle continue ce beau rôle".

Revue des Deux Mondes. 1^{er} octobre. Paris. 3fr.

Most readers will turn instinctively to the paper by the Vicomte Melchior de Vogüé on "Solesmes", and it will repay perusal for it shows that brilliant writer at his best and also makes clear the point of view held by most thinking Frenchmen on the law of associations. Here is a community taking no part at all in politics who devote themselves entirely to culture and education forced to abandon their home and cross the seas to find a refuge in England "where" says the writer "the word liberty is something more than a vain expression". The Vicomte might have told us more about the influence of Solesmes on the church-music of France which has been wide-reaching and unspeakably beneficial. M. Thewint's story "Le Manuscrit du Chanoine" promises well, his treatment of the scenery of Savoy is charming. M. Noyers' essay on the executive powers of an American President contains no very original reflexions but is an adequate study.

Revue des Deux Mondes. 15 octobre. Paris. 3f.

The best things in this number are the continuations of previous articles. The third part of "Political Caricatures in England" begins with George III. and ends with Napoleon on Elba. The descriptions of the caricatures are most admirably blended with historical criticism. There is much good sense in the article on "Colonisation in Algeria" both in the criticism of "Official Colonisation" and in the suggestion of better methods. A second article on another new dictionary of the French language concludes with two novel suggestions that in order to make the science of lexicography complete two new dictionaries should be compiled: one a list of all the words that have ever been used, independently of date or quality; the second that a sort of critical dictionary is wanted of the French language as it is used to-day by cultivated people. A long review of an American book, "The Autobiography of a Negro" discusses the social status and ambitions of the negro race. Philosophy is represented by a pleasant philosophic conversation, "Metempsychosis in Germany". The number concludes with a long summary of Mr. Kipling's "Kim".

For This Week's Books see page 506.

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CAUTION.—"Vice-Chancellor Sir W. Page Wood stated that Dr. J. COLLIS BROWNE was undoubtedly the inventor of CHLORODYNE, that the story of the defendant Freeman was deliberately untrue; which, he regretted to say, had been sworn to."—See *Times*, 13 July, 1864.

Sold in bottles at 1s. 1d., 2s. 6d., 4s. 6d., and 11s. each. None is genuine without the words "DR. J. COLLIS BROWNE'S CHLORODYNE" on the Government stamp. Overwhelming Medical Testimony accompanies each bottle.

SOLE MANUFACTURER—

J. T. DAVENPORT, 33 Great Russell Street, Bloomsbury, London.

ESTABLISHED 1851.

BIRKBECK BANK,

Southampton Buildings, Chancery Lane, London, W.C.

2% CURRENT ACCOUNTS. **2%**
on the minimum monthly balances, when not drawn below £100.

2½% DEPOSIT ACCOUNTS. **2½%**
on Deposits, repayable on demand.

STOCKS AND SHARES.

Stocks and Shares purchased and sold for customers.

BIRKBECK ALMANACK, with full particulars, post free.

FRANCIS RAVENSCROFT, Manager.

Telephone No. 5 Holborn.

Telegraphic Address: "BIRKBECK, LONDON."

STANDARD BANK of SOUTH AFRICA, Ltd.

(Bankers to the Government of the Cape of Good Hope.)

Head Office, 20 Clement's Lane, Lombard Street, London, E.C., and
90 Branches in South Africa.

Subscribed Capital	£5,000,000
Paid-up Capital	£1,250,000
Reserve Fund	£1,250,000

This Bank grants drafts on, and transacts every description of banking business with, the principal towns in Cape Colony, Natal, Orange River Colony, Transvaal, Rhodesia, British Central Africa, and East Africa. Telegraphic remittances made. Deposits received for fixed periods. Terms on application.

WILLIAM SMART, London Manager.

WILLIAM FRANCE FENWICK AND CO.

THE statutory meeting of the shareholders of William France Fenwick and Co., Limited, was held on Friday at Cannon Street Hotel, E.C., Mr. Vivian H. Smith (the chairman of the company) presiding.

The Secretary (Mr. S. G. Higgins) having read the notice convening the meeting and the auditors' report,

The Chairman said: From the statement you have just heard read by the secretary of the company, a copy of which has been sent to each shareholder, you will see that all the business necessary to the incorporation of the new company has been carried out. At the time that the report was printed all the capital had been received, with the exception of the sum of £7,030 10s., which since that date has been paid in full, and I am in a position to tell you to-day that there is absolutely nothing outstanding on this account. The transfer of all the properties to the new company having been completed, all the working capital provided by the issue is now available for the development of the business, and, in addition to this, we shall, as stated in the prospectus, place to capital account the net profits earned by the amalgamated businesses from January 1 to July 11, the date of the incorporation of the company. We have not yet received a final statement from the company's accountants as to these profits; but the accounts are in a sufficiently forward state to justify me in saying that they are perfectly satisfactory and at least up to the average estimated in the prospectus. The necessary steps have been taken to obtain a settlement in, and Stock Exchange quotation for, the debenture stock and preference shares of the company, and we have every expectation that this will be granted in due course. The certificates for the preference shares and debenture bonds will shortly be ready for issue, and notice will be given where and when these can be had in exchange for the usual documents. Before we separate to-day, I should like to allude to the unavoidable absence of Mr. C. F. H. Leslie, one of our managing directors, who, I feel sure, is quite as disappointed as we are at his inability to attend this meeting. I regret to have to tell you that recently he has met with a severe accident, and, under his doctor's advice, he has gone abroad for a complete rest. The latest reports, however, as to his progress are, I am glad to say, quite satisfactory, and we hope soon to see him back again thoroughly restored to health. As there is no business to transact at this meeting it will now be closed, unless any shareholder has any questions to ask, in which case I shall be glad to answer to the best of my ability.

No questions were asked, and the proceedings terminated.

This Prospectus has been filed with the Registrar of Joint Stock Companies.

The List of Applications will be opened on Monday, the 21st day of October, 1901, and closed on or before the following Wednesday.

MANN, CROSSMAN & PAULIN, LIMITED.

(REGISTERED AS A COMPANY LIMITED BY SHARES UNDER THE COMPANIES ACTS, 1862 TO 1900.)

CAPITAL:

7,500 Ordinary Shares of £100 each ...	£750,000
125,000 4½ per cent. Cumulative Preference Shares of £10 each ...	£1,250,000
Total Share Capital ...	£2,000,000
Four per cent. Irredeemable Mortgage Debenture Stock ...	£1,750,000

The whole of the Ordinary Shares are taken by the Vendors credited as fully paid up, in part payment for the property.

THE LONDON AND WESTMINSTER BANK, LIMITED, Lothbury, E.C., and their Branches, are authorised to receive applications for:—
£1,250,000 4 per cent. Irredeemable Mortgage Debenture Stock at 103
(The Balance of £500,000 is reserved for future issue.) and
125,000 4½ per cent. Cumulative Preference Shares of £10 each at par.

These Stocks are to be paid for as follows:—

	Debenture Stock.	Preference Shares.
On Application	£10	£1 per Share.
On Allotment	£43	£4
On the 14th January, 1902	£50	£5
	£103	£10

The Debenture Stock is to carry interest at Four per cent. per annum, and is to be secured by a specific mortgage to trustees of the freehold property below mentioned and by a floating charge in their favour on the general undertaking of the Company, and the interest will be paid half-yearly, on the 1st of April and 1st of October in each year, the first payment being calculated on the instalments as from their due date of payment. The Debenture Stock will not be redeemable until the security becomes enforceable, and in the event of the voluntary winding up of the Company the redemption price is to be calculated according to the average mesne market price in London during the three years immediately preceding such winding up, but will not be less than £110 per cent.

The Preference Shares confer the right to a fixed cumulative preferential dividend at the rate of 4½ per cent. per annum on the capital for the time being paid up thereon, and rank, both as regards capital and dividend, in priority to the Ordinary Shares, and the dividend is to be paid half-yearly, on the 1st of April and the 1st of October in each year, the first payment being calculated on the instalments as from their due dates of payment.

The minimum subscription on which the Company will proceed to allotment is £5,000 Preference Shares.

TRUSTEES FOR THE DEBENTURE STOCKHOLDERS.

ALEXANDER CROSSMAN, Esq., Cokenach, Royston, Herts.
COL. LOCKWOOD, M.P., Bishop's Hall, near Romford.
JOHN MILES, Esq., Bourne Side, Southgate, Middlesex.

DIRECTORS.

ALEXANDER CROSSMAN, Esq., Cokenach, Royston, Herts.
WILLIAM THOMAS PAULIN, Esq., Winchmore Hill, Middlesex.
EDWARD MANN, Esq., Thelveton Hall, Scole, Norfolk.
JAMES HISCUTT CROSSMAN, Esq., 11 King Street, St. James', S.W.
THOMAS HUGH MANN, Esq., Hyde Hall, Sawbridgeworth, Herts.
DOUGLAS CROSSMAN, Esq., Dudbrook, Brentwood, Essex.
THOMAS WELLS THORPE, Esq., Holmwood, Beulah Hill, Upper Norwood, S.E.

BANKERS.

THE LONDON AND WESTMINSTER BANK, LIMITED, Eastern Branch,
130 High Street, Whitechapel, E.

SOLICITORS TO THE COMPANY.

CROSSMAN, PRICHARD, CROSSMAN & BLOCK, 16 Theobald's Road,
Gray's Inn, W.C.

SOLICITORS TO THE TRUSTEES FOR THE DEBENTURE STOCK HOLDERS.

HOLLAMS, SONS, COWARD & HAWKSLEY, 30 Mincing Lane, E.C.
BROKERS.—DAVID A. BEVAN & CO., 10 Angel Court, Throgmorton Street.

REGISTERED OFFICE.

ALBION BREWERY, WHITECHAPEL ROAD, E.

SECRETARY (*pro tem.*)—F. A. DAVIS.

PROSPECTUS.

The Company has been formed to take over as a going concern the old-established Brewery business carried on by Messrs. MANN, CROSSMAN & PAULIN, at Whitechapel, E.

The purchase price is £2,750,000, which will be satisfied as to £750,000 by the issue to the Vendors of the whole of the Ordinary Shares credited as fully paid-up, and as to the balance, in cash, or, at the option of the Company, partly in cash and partly in fully paid Debenture Stock and fully paid-up Preference Shares.

The property and assets acquired by the Company have been investigated by Messrs. MASON & SON, Brewery Valuers and Chartered Accountants, who report as follows:—

To the Directors of MANN, CROSSMAN & PAULIN, LIMITED.

GENTLEMEN,—We have personally inspected the Freehold Albion Brewery, Whitechapel, together with the fixed plant and machinery therein, and we value the same, together with the 164 Freehold and 376 Leasehold Licensed Houses, and other properties held in connection therewith, at the sum of 1,707,851 0 0
The Casks, Horses and Vans are of the value of 42,035 0 0
The Cash at Bank and in hand, and the investments in Consols and Corporation Stock (taken at the minimum market quotation of the day), amounted on the 28th September, 1901, to 127,896 16 9
The Loans to Customers, Trade Debts and Rents receivable, etc., stood upon the books on the 28th September, 1901, after writing off Bad Debts, at the sum of 800,048 1 3
And the Stocks of Beer, Malt, Hops, etc., and loose effects, at the sum of 106,636 0 0
2,784,437 7 0

The Working Capital, being the balance of the present issue after discharging the purchase price, and which it is intended to use solely for the improvement of the existing properties, and the acquisition of further properties, will form an additional asset of.. .. . 500,000 0 0
£3,284,437 7 0

No amount is included in the above figures for the General Goodwill attaching to the business.

We are, Gentlemen, your obedient servants,

MASON & SON.

61 KING WILLIAM STREET, LONDON, E.C.,
October, 1901.

To the Directors of MANN, CROSSMAN & PAULIN, LIMITED.

GENTLEMEN,—We have investigated the accounts of Messrs. Mann, Crossman & Paulin for the five years ending 28th September, 1901.

The sale of Ales, Porter and Stout after deduction of returns has been:—

For the year ending 2nd October, 1897	419,452 barrels
For the year ending 1st October, 1898	429,666 "
For the year ending 30th September, 1899	456,393 "
For the year ending 29th September, 1900	487,434 "
For the year ending 28th September, 1901	544,726 "

The Profits before charging Income tax and Interest upon Capital and upon deposits (which are not to be taken over but discharged by the Vendors), but after writing off bad debts, providing for depreciation of all kinds, and charging all trade and management expenses, have been as follows:—

For the year ending 2nd October, 1897	£182,235 10 3
For the year ending 1st October, 1898	193,531 10 3
For the year ending 30th September, 1899	186,504 4 9
For the year ending 29th September, 1900	211,041 10 0
For the year ending 28th September, 1901	232,736 4 6

Or an annual average of £199,273 15s. 11d.

We are, Gentlemen, your obedient Servants,
MASON & SON, Chartered Accountants.

61 KING WILLIAM STREET, LONDON, E.C.
October, 1901.

The £500,000 referred to in Messrs. Mason & Son's Report will be used by the Company as required from time to time solely for the purchase of properties or extension of the Brewery premises or otherwise for the development of the business, and in the meantime will be invested in approved securities. No further issue of Debenture Stock will be made except for the same purpose.

By the Articles of Association of the Company, it is provided as follows:—

- The qualification of a Director shall be the holding of 250 Ordinary Shares or Stock of the Company of the nominal value of £25,000.
- The Directors shall have no remuneration for their services, unless and until it shall be determined by the Company in General Meeting to award them any such remuneration, and in that event the same shall be divided among them in such proportions and manner as the Directors by agreement may determine, and, in default of such determination, equally.
- The remuneration of a Managing Director shall from time to time be fixed by the Directors or by the Company in General Meeting, and may be by way of salary or commission or participation in profits, or by any or all of those modes.
- If any Director, being willing, shall be called upon to perform extra services or to make any special exertions for any of the purposes of the Company, the Company shall remunerate such Director either by a fixed sum or by a percentage of profits or otherwise as may be determined by the Directors, and such remuneration may be either in addition to or in substitution for his share in the remuneration above provided.

The Debenture Stock will be secured by a Trust Deed executed in favour of the Trustees for the Debenture Stockholders, and will comprise:—

- A specific First Mortgage of the Freehold of the Albion Brewery, Whitechapel, stabling and bottling stores, cooperage and other premises in Whitechapel.
- A floating charge upon all the general undertaking of the Company.

As will be seen by the foregoing Report, the average annual profits for the last five years are £199,273

To pay 4 per cent. Interest on £1,250,000 Debenture Stock requires	£50,000
Dividend on 125,000 4½ per cent. Cumulative Preference Shares of £10 each	£53,125
	£103,125

Leaving a balance of £96,148

without taking into account interest on the aforesaid £500,000, or the profits to be derived when absorbed in the business.

The Shares of the Vendors (who constitute the Firm of Mann, Crossman & Paulin) in the property to be taken over are as follows:—The said Alexander Crossman 1/5ths, the said William Thomas Paulin 1/5ths, the said Edward Mann 1/5ths, the said James Hiscutt Crossman 1/5ths, the said Thomas Hugh Mann 1/5ths, the said Douglas Crossman 1/5ths, and the first four named collectively as Trustees 1/5ths, and they are all interested in the promotion in the like proportions.

The Vendors, in consideration of the payment to them by Thos. Wells Thorpe (for many years the General Manager of the business) of the sum of £41,000, and in consideration of the services rendered by him, have agreed to procure the allotment or transfer to him of 100 of the Ordinary Shares, fully paid, and he is interested in the formation and promotion accordingly.

The following Contracts have been made:

- An Agreement dated the 14th day of October, 1901, made between the Vendors, Alexander Crossman, William Thomas Paulin, Edward Mann, James Hiscutt Crossman, Thomas Hugh Mann, and Douglas Crossman, all of the Albion Brewery, Mile End, in the County of London, of the one part, and Mann, Crossman & Paulin, Limited, of the other part, being the Contract for the sale and purchase of the business and property above-mentioned.
- An Agreement made the 14th day of August, 1901, between Messrs. Mann, Crossman & Paulin of the one part and Messrs. Holland & Hannen, Hyde Street, Bloomsbury, W.C., of the other part, being a Contract for an outlay of £83,809 for additions and extension of the Brewery premises, being the first portion of the additions and extension referred to in the report above set forth.
- An Agreement dated the 10th day of October, 1901, between the Vendors and the said Thomas Wells Thorpe relative to the acquisition of Ordinary Shares by him.

Nothing has been or will be paid for goodwill of the business.

Nothing has been paid for promotion or underwriting.

All liabilities of the business up to the 28th September, 1901, including deposits and all expenses attending the formation of the Company, and this issue, will be discharged by the Vendors. The amount of the preliminary expenses is estimated at £30,000. The loans, book debts and rents receivable (£280,048) referred to in Messrs. Mason & Son's report are guaranteed by the Vendors to produce that amount.

Applications will be made to the Committee of the London Stock Exchange for a quotation for the Debenture Stock and Cumulative Preference Shares.

Preference Shareholders are not entitled to notice of, or to attend or vote at General Meetings, unless the proposition to be submitted to the meeting directly affects the rights and privileges of the holders, or the dividend thereon is in arrears for more than three months.

Applications for Debenture Stock and Preference Shares are to be lodged at the London and Westminster Bank, Lothbury, E.C., or one of their branches, on the forms provided, with a separate cheque for deposit for each application.

If no allotment is made, the application money will be returned in full, and when the amount allotted is less than that applied for, the balance will be applied towards the payment due on allotment. Failure to pay any instalment when due will render the previous payments liable to forfeiture.

Copies of the Memorandum and Articles of Association and of the Contract for the Sale and Purchase aforesaid and draft of the proposed Trust Deed constituting and securing the Debenture Stock, and the Report and Certificate of the Valuers, can be seen at the office of the Company's Solicitors, 16 Theobald's Road, Gray's Inn, W.C., and a copy of the Memorandum of Association is endorsed herein, and forms part of this Prospectus.

Prospectuses and Forms of Application can be obtained at the offices of the Company, and from the Bankers, Brokers and Solicitors.
18th October, 1901.

In forwarding the following reports to the Shareholders of the CROWN DEEP, LIMITED, and the ROSE DEEP, LIMITED, Mr. Andrew Moir, the London Secretary, explains that the last Quarterly Reports published related to the three months ended 30th June, 1899, and the issue of the reports, at their due date, was unavoidably prevented in consequence of the outbreak of hostilities. When operations are again in full swing, the issue of regular Quarterly Reports will be resumed.

CROWN DEEP, LIMITED.

CAPITAL, £300,000,
In 300,000 Shares of £1 each, all Issued.

DIRECTORS' QUARTERLY REPORT

FOR THE THREE MONTHS ENDING
30TH SEPTEMBER, 1899.

To the Shareholders.

GENTLEMEN.—The Directors have pleasure in submitting the following Report on the working operations of the Company for the Three Months ending 30th September, 1899, which show a total profit of £37,623 18s. 8d.

MINE.

Number of feet Driven, Sunk and Risen, exclusive of stopes ..	2,222 feet.
Ore Developed	80,093 tons.
Ore Mined	79,574 tons.
Ore taken from Surface Dumps	7,023 tons.
Less Waste sorted out (16'747%)	86,597 tons.
	14,503 tons.

MILL.

Tons Crushed	72,094 tons.
Number of days (24 hours) working an average of 200 stamps ..	69½ days.
Tons Crushed per stamp per 24 hours	5'189 tons.
Tons in Mill Bins on 30th September, 1899	400 tons.
Yield in Fine Gold	17,637'379 dwts.
Yield per Ton in Fine Gold	4'893 dwts.

CYANIDE WORKS.

SANDS AND CONCENTRATES.

Tons Sands and Concentrates treated (equal to 74'499% of the tonnage milled)	53,710 tons.
Yield in Fine Gold	10,231'882 dwts.
Yield in Fine Gold per ton treated	3'810 dwts.
Yield in Fine Gold per ton on tonnage milled basis	2'838 dwts.

SLIMES.

Tons Slimes treated (equal to 20'527% of the tonnage milled) ..	14,799 tons.
Yield in Fine Gold	950'000 dwts.
Yield in Fine Gold per ton treated	2'283 dwts.
Yield in Fine Gold per ton on tonnage milled basis	2'263 dwts.

TOTAL YIELD.

Total Yield in Fine Gold from all sources	28,819'761 dwts.
Total Yield in Fine Gold per ton on tonnage milled basis	7'995 dwts.
Total Yield in Bullion Gold from all sources	33,517'686 dwts.

WORKING EXPENDITURE AND REVENUE

On a basis of 72,094 tons milled.

Dr.	Cost.	Cost per Ton.
To Mining Expenses	£56,395 0 8	£0 15 7'739
" Milling Expenses	11,837 10 6	0 3 3'407
" Cyaniding Expenses	10,801 9 2	0 2 11'058
" General Expenses	2,745 6 7	0 0 9'139
" Head Office Expenses	805 0 9	0 0 2'679
	82,584 7 8	1 2 10'922
" Profit	37,623 18 8	0 10 5'249
	£120,208 6 4	1 13 4'171
Cr.	Value.	Value per Ton.
By Gold Account—		
Mill	£73,753 15 1	£1 0 5'325
Cyanide Works	46,454 11 3	0 12 10'646
	£120,208 6 4	1 13 4'171

GENERAL.

The Capital Expenditure for the period under review has amounted to £2,216 17 11d.

By order of the Board,

F. RALEIGH,
Secretary.

HEAD OFFICE, JOHANNESBURG,
October, 1899.

ROSE DEEP, LIMITED.

CAPITAL, £425,000,
In 425,000 Shares of £1 each, all Issued.

DIRECTORS' QUARTERLY REPORT

FOR THE THREE MONTHS ENDING
30TH SEPTEMBER, 1899.

To the Shareholders.

GENTLEMEN.—The Directors have pleasure in submitting the following Report on the working operations of the Company for the Three Months ending 30th September, 1899, which show a total profit of £70,801 10s. 11d.

MINE.

Number of feet Driven, Sunk, and Risen, exclusive of Stopes ..	1,236 feet.
Ore Developed	93,290 tons.
Ore Mined	102,188 tons.
Less Waste sorted out (21'288%)	21,754 tons.
	80,434 tons.

MILL.

Tons Delivered	80,434 tons.
Add tons taken from Stock in Mill Bins	1,266 tons.
Tons Crushed	81,700 tons.
Number of days (24 hours) working an average of 200 stamps ..	76½ days.
Tons crushed per stamp per 24 hours	5'372 tons.
Tons in Mill Bins on 30th September, 1899	16 tons.
Yield in Fine Gold	23,605'945 dwts.
Yield per Ton in Fine Gold	5'778 dwts.

CYANIDE WORKS.

SANDS AND CONCENTRATES.

Tons Sands and Concentrates treated (equal to 79'167% of the tonnage milled)	64,680 tons.
Yield in Fine Gold	14,847'742 dwts.
Yield in Fine Gold per ton treated	4'501 dwts.
Yield in Fine Gold per ton on tonnage milled basis	3'634 dwts.

SLIMES.

Tons Slimes treated (equal to 20'121% of the tonnage milled) ..	16,430 tons.
Yield in Fine Gold	2,127'874 dwts.
Yield in Fine Gold per ton treated	5'988 dwts.
Yield in Fine Gold per ton on tonnage milled basis	5'520 dwts.

TOTAL YIELD.

Total Yield in Fine Gold from all sources	40,581'561 dwts.
Total Yield in Fine Gold per ton on tonnage milled basis	9'034 dwts.
Total Yield in Bullion Gold from all sources	48,348'914 dwts.

WORKING EXPENDITURE AND REVENUE.

On a basis of 81,700 tons milled.

Dr.	Cost.	Cost per Ton.
To Mining Expenses	£65,729 11 3	£0 16 1'026
" Milling Expenses	14,863 0 0	0 3 7'661
" Cyaniding Expenses	13,343 19 7	0 3 3'199
" General Expenses	3,233 9 8	0 0 9'499
" Head Office Expenses	715 9 2	0 0 2'101
	97,885 9 8	1 3 11'546
" Profit	70,801 10 11	0 17 3'984
	£168,687 0 7	1 2 1'530
Cr.	Value.	Value per Ton.
By Gold Account—		
Mill	£98,401 0 7	£1 4 1'060
Cyanide Works	70,286 0 0	0 17 2'470
	£168,687 0 7	1 2 1'530

GENERAL.

The Capital Expenditure for the period under review has amounted to £3,931 11s. 0d.

By order of the Board,

F. RALEIGH,
Secretary.

HEAD OFFICE, JOHANNESBURG,
October, 1899.

MENTIONED IN DESPATCHES.

The 6 numbers of the ARMY AND NAVY GAZETTE, containing the various lists of Officers and Men mentioned in despatches and recommendations of Lord Roberts, Lord Kitchener and other Generals are still on sale. Prices from 6½d. post free. The whole six sent post free on receipt of 4s. 3d. Send for list showing what each number contains. Early application is necessary as the first numbers are extremely limited, and orders will be executed in rotation.

WAR HONOURS AND REWARDS.

A List of Honours and Promotions in the Army for services in South Africa was issued as a Special Supplement to the Oct. 5 issue of the "ARMY AND NAVY GAZETTE." A Coloured Plate of Indian Imperial Service Corps is also presented with that number, 6½d. post free.

THE PUBLISHER, ARMY AND NAVY GAZETTE,
3 YORK STREET, COVENT GARDEN, LONDON, W.C.

ORIENT-PACIFIC LINE

TO AUSTRALIA, NEW ZEALAND, & TASMANIA.

ROYAL MAIL SERVICE.

LEAVE LONDON EVERY ALTERNATE FRIDAY for the above COLONIES, calling at PLYMOUTH, GIBRALTAR, MARSEILLES, NAPLES, PORT SAID, and COLOMBO.

Managers { F. GREEN & CO. Head Offices:
ANDERSON, ANDERSON & CO. } Fenchurch Avenue, London.

For Passage apply to the latter firm at 5 Fenchurch Avenue, E.C., or to Branch Office, 16 Cockspur Street, Charing Cross, S.W.

P. & O. COMPANY'S INDIA, CHINA, AND AUSTRALIAN MAIL SERVICES.

P. & O. FREQUENT SAILINGS TO GIBRALTAR, MARSEILLES, MALTA, EGYPT, ADEN, BOMBAY, KURRACHEE, CALCUTTA, CEYLON, STRAITS, CHINA, JAPAN, AUSTRALIA, TASMANIA, and NEW ZEALAND.

P. & O. CHEAP RETURN TICKETS AND ROUND THE WORLD TOURS. For Particulars apply at the London Offices, 112 Leadenhall Street, E.C., or 25 Cockspur Street, S.W.

MR. MURRAY'S NEW BOOKS & ANNOUNCEMENTS.

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This volume completes the new edition of the Letters, and contains a most ample Index, which must be of the greatest value to the students of Byron's Works and Life.

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LENNOX, 1745-1826, Daughter of the second Duke of Richmond, and successively the Wife of Sir Thomas Charles Bunbury, Bart., and of the Hon. George Napier. From original Documents preserved at Melbury; also a short Political Sketch of the Years 1760 to 1769, by Henry Fox, first Lord Holland; and other Manuscripts found at Holland House. Edited by the Countess of Ilchester and Lord Stavordale. With numerous Photogravure Portraits. 2 vols. demy 8vo. 35s. net. [Ready next week.]

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the case of her father; a man at once loving and cruel; generous and grudging; trustful at all moments to a fault, indignant at the wrong moments to a virtue; the bigot who permitted Anne the royal chapel, the fanatic both for persecution and for toleration, the Lord's Anointed, who would never believe that mortal hand could touch him, the man who disdained to wear black for the treacherous daughter whom he adored. And, above all, the unflinching Dutchness of William is evidenced by his abandonment of the recalcitrant English regiments to the brutalities of his native bodyguard. For these, and such as these, we are grateful; they are "*mémoires à servir*". But when we come to the Duchess herself, even as she painted her own portrait, we can find no effort to collate, to co-ordinate or to explain. To us she "of the fury heart and fairy face" seems, by virtue or vice of temperament, a Swift in petticoats, without his splendid counterbalance of heart or head. She shared his self-consuming inexorability alone. Swift, in one of his later letters admits that he had never forgotten his boyish embitterment in failing to land a fish he had caught. It pricked and rankled in him still. Here, to our thinking, is the real Duchess. She was ruled by domineering rage from the time when she trafficked in friendship and traded in devotion, to that when she bartered one granddaughter to a cautious duke, and haggled over another with a dilettante prince; from loveless youth to detested age; from the remorseless ambitions of an insolent beauty to the venomous ravings of a spiteful harridan. The rage for dominion, the domination of rage, made her urge Anne against William, and Godolphin against Anne, while she herself did not disdain to blackmail the queen she bullied, to set her husband against Godolphin, and herself against all her children. It has been said of that wonderful husband whom she ruined that he was without heart except in his home. Sarah's heartlessness had no exception but her husband. In that husband she centred all her tigress-force. From him she caught the taint of that avarice—born perhaps of the instability of régime—which led him to cheat even for sixpence, "never", as Bolingbroke observed, "to leave his baggage on the field", and, after propitiating the Tories who had driven him away, to refuse the money he promised to lend the Whigs for harassing him, because the electoral security was not good enough, to lend his vast fortune to the king he loathed when Great Britain was his, and to incense even his widow by his will. We have read a manuscript letter which still attests the violence of Sarah's indignation against her hero; she was always in extremes; always gasping, whether in altercation, or with affection. She is at once the Lady Macbeth and the Shylock of history. But the gold of her girlhood was a liquid stream which might float her into supremacy; that of her age was a rigid idol, in prostration before which she strove to drown her despair. There is something mediæval in the secrecy of her wrath; and the strange whim of wreaking it on waxen images was inherited by the daughter, who loved as her mother hated, and pampered the doll of Congreve after his decease.

The record of Anne's reign in this book is conventional. But there are passages which will be new to the majority. Especially interesting is the account of the Marlboroughs after they had been hounded away, though the real causes of that crucial expedient are lacking and the means by which Oxford was said to have ensured it are adduced as its reason; nor again is there even an allusion to Marlborough's extraordinary political conduct during the year 1711 and his plot with Eugene; nor of his relations to Bolingbroke whom he had taken to his heart on the death of his son. The Duchess' letter from Frankfort in 1713 deserves an excerpt.

"I am just now come from a window from which I saw a great many troops pass that were under the command of Prince Eugene. They paid all the Respects as they went by to the Duke of Marlborough as if he had been in his old Post. The sight gave me melancholy Reflections, and made me weep. . . . When I had writ so far I was called to receive the honour of a visit from the Elector of Miance. I fancy he came to this place chiefly to see the Duke of Marlborough. His shape is like my own, a little of the fattest, but in my

life, I never saw a face that expressed so much Openness, Honesty, Sense and good nature. . . ." Of course not. "The wisest fool much time has ever made!" The shadow even of homage consoles her for the loss of its substance. But Marlborough's renown was such that it blinded the Continent to the real issues of the Utrecht Peace. In a letter to Lord Strafford, preserved among the Stowe manuscripts, and here unquoted, the old electress (about whom Mr. Molloy does quote Tom D'Urfey's unfamiliar squib) assured her remonstrating correspondent that facts were nothing to her and that if the general who had gained so many battles had been an ape she must have been in his favour. This affords a clue to much, as Bothmar's predominance (unmentioned in these volumes) affords a clue to more. We should add that the earlier details of Sarah's life are conscientiously reproduced, though no characterisation of her mother—the reputed witch—is attempted. The closing scenes of the Duchess' life are well, if not exhaustively rendered. Her self-deception, her hopeful scepticism, her belief that Heaven would interest itself in her favour, if Heaven existed, her duplicity over her manuscripts, the fatality of the "Life" which Chesterfield refused, Glover did not attempt, and Mallet failed to complete, are well given; while her conduct to Hooke, who, having reconciled her to Pope, was dismissed for trying to convert her to Popery, is very interesting. Of her relations with Pope much more might have been said. They did neither of them credit. To the last she remained glowering, implacable, avaricious, extravagant.

Perhaps the best drawn figures in the work are those of the Duke and Duchess of Somerset. Mr. Molloy too makes a speciality of deathbeds and those of William and of Mary are well worthy of attention. On the whole the book, like the many portraits which illustrate it, is above the average; though it is more narrative than literature, and more anecdote than history. But the anecdotes, widely derived and opportunely rendered, will be largely read and relished, while the side-lights which Mr. Molloy's research enables him to cast are useful even to the historian who may not wholly accept his constructions. Made-books, like made-dishes, require a chef, if they are to be palatable. Such a chef is Mr. Molloy.

A FORGOTTEN EMPIRE.

"A Forgotten Empire (Vijayanagar)". By Robert Sewell. London: Sonnenschein. 15s.

THE history which Mr. Sewell here relates from original sources may well be described as that of a forgotten empire. The kingdom of Vijayanagar is barely referred to in an appendix to Elphinstone's work, which has long been the standard history of India. Indeed most writers fight shy of the Deccan and restrict themselves more or less to the events connected with the Mohammedan dynasties of Hindustan or the country north of the Vindhya mountains, for which ample materials have been preserved in the works of the Persian chroniclers. Of late, however, the publication of numerous inscriptions in the "*Epigraphia Indica*", and the attention paid by Mr. Danvers, Mr. Morse Stephens and others to the history of the Portuguese Empire of Asia have brought to light many curious details of the rule of the great Hindu rajahs with whom the Portuguese had dealings, and Senhor D. Lopes has been able to construct a valuable study of South Indian history in his "*Chronica dos Reis de Bisnaga*" published at Lisbon in 1897. To this work, with its elaborate introduction, and to the generous co-operation of the learned author, Mr. Sewell acknowledges his indebtedness. It was in Sen. D. Lopes' history that the two Portuguese documents which form the foundation of the present work first came to light. They consist of letters or reports by two merchants, by name Domingo Paes and Fernão Nuniz, written respectively about 1520 and 1537, and either addressed or at least submitted to the celebrated historian Barros, who was in the India Office at Lisbon and published his work on the Portuguese conquests in India in the middle of the sixteenth century. Mr. Sewell remarks that "these documents possess peculiar

and unique value; that of Paes because it gives us a vivid and graphic account of his personal experiences at the great Hindu capital at the period of its highest grandeur and magnificence—"things which I saw and came to know" he tells us;—and that of Nuniz because it contains the traditional history of the country gathered first-hand on the spot, and a narrative of local and current events of the highest importance, known to him either because he himself was present or because he received the information from those who were so". Senhor Lopes believes that nothing can compare with them in importance for the light they throw upon the state of the country, capital, customs and court,—a wealth of information far transcending anything bequeathed to us by the Italian travellers Conti, Varthema, and Federici. That this estimate is scarcely exaggerated will be admitted by all who read the excellent translations of these two documents which fill nearly half of this handsome volume. Besides translating and annotating with exemplary care and research, Mr. Sewell has prefixed a history of Vijayanagar derived not only from these documents but from Firishta (whom he uses chiefly through Scott's version), from inscriptions, and from various independent studies published in the Transactions of Asiatic societies and the "Indian Antiquary". He makes no pretence to a skilful literary presentation, or to finality in results; but in a very modest manner he has collected a great deal of hitherto disconnected material, and has undoubtedly made an original and valuable contribution to a particularly obscure period in the history of India.

The kingdom of Vijayanagar owed its origin to the concentration of lesser Hindu States in presence of a formidable danger. That eccentric potentate Mohammad-i Taghlak, King of Delhi, was extending his dominions in the Deccan, and by the conquest of Warangal in 1323 seemed on the point of annexing those ancient Hindu principalities of Southern India, some of which had preserved their independence and their dynastic succession since a time before the Christian era began. The defeated forces of three of these States, headed by the chieftain of Anegundi, succeeded in uniting together and forming a new and powerful empire, which presented a firm resistance to Mohammedan encroachments for more than two centuries and held together under one supreme suzerainty the various Hindu rajas of Southern India, who separately would have offered but feeble obstacles to the progress of the invaders. The great Mohammedan dynasties of the Deccan—the Bahmanis, Adil Shahs, and the rest—made no lasting impression upon the Rajas of Vijayanagar, though there was often war across the frontier. One of the most graphic and valuable parts of the narrative of Fernão Nuniz describes the great victory won by the Hindu forces over those of the Adil Shah, and the resulting conquest of the fortress of Raichur. It appears that the ruler of Vijayanagar commanded an army of over a million soldiers, and that they were well armed and disciplined, though one reads of too much gold plating and jewellery to please a soldierly critic. The luxury which was ever the bane of Indian courts must have relaxed the sinews of this vigorous system, for when the Mohammedan shahs of the Deccan at last united in a resolute effort in 1565, the kingdom of Vijayanagar crumbled to powder on the field of Talikot. The walls of the capital and the ruins of palaces and temples—excellently described and illustrated by maps and photographs in this volume—are all that remain to remind the traveller in the Madras Presidency of the vanished glories of the forgotten empire.

The picture of the capital and court in its apogee presented by the reports of the two Portuguese merchants in the first half of the sixteenth century gives a prevailing impression of barbaric splendour, complicated ceremonies, vast treasures of gold and jewels, bedizened dancing-girls galore, and general sensual enjoyment. The large employment of women in court offices was a marked characteristic of Vijayanagar. Besides his wives "this king has also within his gates more than 4,000 women, all of whom live in the palace; some are dancing-girls, and others are bearers who carry the king's wives on their shoulders, and the king also in the interior of the palace, for the

king's houses are large and there are great intervals between one house and another. He has also women who wrestle, and others who are astrologers and soothsayers; and he has women who write all the accounts of expenses that are incurred inside the gates, and others whose duty it is to write all the affairs of the kingdom and compare their books with those of the writers outside; he has women also for music, who play instruments and sing. Even the wives of the king are well versed in music. The king has other women besides. He has ten cooks for his personal service, and has others kept for times when he gives banquets; and these ten prepare the food for no one save the king alone. He has a eunuch for guard at the gate of the kitchen, who never allows anyone to enter for fear of poison. When the king wishes to eat, every person withdraws, and then come some of the women whose duty it is and they prepare the table for him; they place for him a three-footed stool, round, made of gold, and on it put the messes. These are brought in large vessels of gold, some of which are adorned with precious stones. There is no cloth on the table, but one is brought when the king has finished eating, and he washes his hands and mouth. Women and eunuchs serve him at table. The wives of the king remain each in her own chamber and are waited on by maid-servants. It is said that he has judges, as well as bailiffs and watchmen who every night guard the palace, and all these are women".

This account by Nuniz reminds one of the Amazon guards of the Great Mogul; and indeed much of the pomp and ceremonies at Agra and Delhi, so vividly described by Hawkins, Bernier, and Tavernier, was obviously adopted from Hindu courts and not from the simpler manners of the Mogul's Turkish ancestors. The king who was wrapped in this luxury of feminine observance evidently found it necessary to employ counter-agents. Paes records how the monarch, after drinking nearly a quart of sesamum oil before day-break, and rubbing his body with the same, worked at "great weights made of earthenware"—the dumbbells of the period—and then at sword-practice, till he had sweated out all the oil; when he wrestled with his wrestlers, and after mounting and galloping all over the plain till dawn, had a thorough wash at the hands of a learned Brahman, said his prayers, and then began the business of State. The combination of violent exercise with extraordinary luxury, of severe fasts and exhausting ceremonies with padded ease and unlimited license, is no unusual spectacle in Indian history; but it is described with great circumstance and evident sincerity in the Portuguese reports, and one must be grateful to Mr. Sewell for having brought within the reach of English readers, and illustrated with the wealth of his own researches, so striking and picturesque a vision of "the Gorgeous East". In a smaller way these records fill the place for Southern India which in the north is so worthily occupied by the delightful memoirs of Bernier; and they are fortunate in having found so able and learned an editor.

FOR HOME DEFENCE.

"The Briton's First Duty." By George F. Shee, M.A. With diagrams. London: Grant Richards. 1901.

BY the first duty of the Briton, the writer of this volume means the duty of each citizen to qualify himself for the defence of his own country, in case of invasion or other extreme peril. That his view of the matter is in general accord with our own, the readers of this Review do not need to be told; nor is this the place for repeating the arguments that we have urged with regard to it in our articles last May on conscription. We desire, however, to draw attention to Mr. Shee's volume, as a contribution to the literature of the subject, which is useful on account of its directness and simplicity combined with the fulness and pertinence of the information contained in it. The work is divided into four parts, the titles of which are a sufficient indication of its plan. Part I. is called "The Present Position" of England; Part II. "The Justice and Necessity of Compulsory Service for Home Defence"; Part III. "The Advantages of Universal Military Service";

and Part IV. "Arguments Against Compulsory Military Service". To Part IV. Mr. Shee appends a "Conclusion", the following quotation from which will show the drift and the spirit of his volume. "I appeal to the Peace Society, with whose efforts I most cordially sympathise, to adopt the only sure means of maintaining peace—i.e. by increasing the feeling of personal responsibility for war, and by strengthening the national defences, so that they shall not offer temptation to aggression. . . . I appeal to Christians of all denominations to support a principle which would give to the people a valuable training in those qualities of self-control, manliness, discipline, and obedience, which are so vitally important to the moral welfare of the nation."

It is not however on account of its appeals of this kind that we regard Mr. Shee's volume as worthy of notice. Similar appeals are being urged in many other quarters with equal force and are not in the least likely to be attended to. The special service to his cause which Mr. Shee has rendered consists in the clear manner in which he has marshalled the facts which give the appeal made by him its pressing and practical importance. He gives us in a series of striking statistical contrasts the extent of the possessions of this country, its commerce, its wealth and its population, as they are now, and as they were at the beginning of the nineteenth century; and together with these he presents us with a parallel comparison between our national means of defence at the two periods in question. He shows that though absolutely our means of defence are beyond doubt greater now than at any previous time, they are less now than they ever were in proportion to what we have to defend and also in proportion to the resources which are easily available for defence. He compares moreover our position and conduct in these respects with the position and conduct of the other great nations who are our rivals, and who may on occasion be converted into our active enemies. His more important statistical points he illustrates by a series of diagrams, which convey his arguments to the imagination as well as to the intellect. The population of the United Kingdom, the population and area of the Empire, our shipping, our commerce and our national revenue, as they are now and as they were a hundred years ago, are illustrated in this effective way; whilst companion diagrams illustrate the strength of our land forces, and show in a light that is startling and almost ludicrous that these have relatively remained in a state of arrested development. Certain of the arguments which Mr. Shee founds on his facts require qualification; but with their general tenour we are in agreement; and if he does not give us an exhaustive view of the subject, he does what for practical purposes is not less valuable. He puts the more important of the detailed facts of the case before the reader so clearly and strongly that the ordinary man who reads this volume through in an hour will feel, even if he does not accept the precise judgments of the writer, that he has at all events learned from him the character of the general situation on which a judgment has to be formed, and how important it is that he should form one.

CHINESE LITERATURE.

"Chinese Literature." By H. A. Giles ("Literatures of the World" Series). London: Heinemann. 1901. 6s.

PROFESSOR GILES is to be congratulated on the successful completion of a difficult and laborious task. It is no small achievement to have compressed within the covers of a volume of 450 pages what is on the whole a reasonable, and certainly a very interesting presentment of perhaps the most remarkable literature now in existence.

Undoubtedly Chinese literature has very special claims to distinction. In antiquity it overshadows all living competitors: as far back as "the sixth century B.C." we are told "the Chinese were in possession of a written language fully adequate to the most varied expression of human thought", while Fêng Tao's in-

vention of block-printing early in the tenth century A.D., though no doubt much inferior to Gutenberg's press, antedated the latter by over 500 years. Some of the more archaic works are assigned to far earlier dates even than B.C. 600: the "Book of Changes", for instance, is supposed to have been written about B.C. 1100. Candour compels us to add that, as no one knows the interpretation of the "Book of Changes", it is doubtful how far it should be classed as literature. Of the value of much of the Confucian canon, however, there is only one opinion, and Confucius was born B.C. 551.

Again, we cannot fail to be impressed by the literary industry of the Chinese; it has, indeed, been astounding. One encyclopædia alone, the famous Yung Lo Ta Tien, covered over half a million pages. This gigantic work, compiled by the orders of the third Ming Emperor early in the fifteenth century, was never printed owing to the cost of the block-cutting. It is a more than national disaster that the only three copies made should all have been burned, two at the fall of the Ming Dynasty, and the third as late as last year at the hands of the Chinese themselves, during the bombardment of the Foreign Legations at Peking. Two other encyclopædias published under the Sungs (A.D. 900 to 1200) possess respectively 400 pages and 280 pages of index alone. The famous Emperor Kang Hsi published two encyclopædias, the second an illustrated trifle of 1,628 volumes containing 200 pages apiece. The great work, however, with which Kang Hsi's name (or, to speak more correctly, his title) will always be associated, is his Dictionary, which, produced about the end of the seventeenth century, remains to this day the standard dictionary of the Chinese language. Nothing will give the European reader so clear an idea of the almost reverential interest with which the Chinese regard their literature as the immense amount of study and toil which have been lavished on the preparation of these, and many other encyclopædias, concordances, dictionaries and the like. The same reverence shows itself in the care taken of books: the great library at Hangchow (an imperial foundation, if we remember rightly) remains in our mind as one of the very few public buildings which seemed really clean and cared for.

Again Chinese literature is distinguished from any other by the special rewards which attach to its successful study: office and the rank and pay (or rather profits) attendant on it. Many other nations make success in competitive examinations a condition of entry into the public service. But our examinations are, at any rate, intended to test the all-round attainments and capacity of the candidates: only in China is proficiency in classical literature pure and simple the royal road to an official career. In spite of the one-sided nature of such an educational system, the results are astonishingly good: it may be safely asserted that, if only the integrity of the mandarin were equal to its ability, China would not be in her present unsatisfactory state. Two attempts have been made to widen the basis of education: one, about the time of the battle of Hastings, resulted in failure; the second, put forward no more than two years since by the present Emperor, is said to have been to a considerable extent the cause of the late reactionary coup d'état. In this case, however, as the Imperial Decree quoted by Sir Robert Hart in his concluding essay "from Sinim" shows, there are fair grounds for expecting a favourable issue. Well, if educational reform does come, we trust that it will be thorough, and include what is, in our opinion, a prime need of the Chinese, the change to an alphabetical system. Want of space forbids our going into the grave disabilities pressing upon a written language, which, like Chinese, is ideographic in its nature. A single instance will perhaps give some idea of these to our readers. When twenty years ago, the telegraph was introduced into the Empire, the only method that could be devised for transmitting messages in the vernacular was to assign special numbers to the 10,000 or 15,000 characters in most common use. Thus a message has to be translated into numbers before being signalled, and then re-translated into character before delivery. To say nothing of the clumsiness of the system and its great liability to error, it will be noted that some two-thirds

of the written language are altogether denied the benefit of telegraphy.

Our present concern, however, is with the effect which the written language has had on the literature of China. Dr. S. W. Williams in the introduction to his Dictionary asserts roundly "that their symbolic language has shut out the people of this land from mental intercourse with their fellow men more than any other one cause", and Professor Giles, while assigning (wrongly, as we think) pride rather than inability as the reason, agrees as to the non-intercourse. The natural results followed. Isolated and self-absorbed, Chinese literature developed rapidly for a certain time, after which the purism and slow decay inevitable under such conditions set in, leading with almost equal certainty to the present state, which, as the author acknowledges in his closing pages, is one of exhaustion, if not paralysis. If any regeneration of Chinese literature is to take place, and all readers of Professor Giles' book will certainly hope for this, we feel convinced that the first step must be for the language to submit to an alphabet. Favourable precedents, which count for so much in China, exist. Kublai Khan, the Professor tells us, actually ordered the construction of an alphabet for the Mongol language, and more than one of the great Chinese dictionaries show signs of having got within a tantalising distance of the great reform.

Our notice of the various sections of this book can be but brief. Less space than we should have expected is given to the classics, but it is enough to make good their title to be the glory of Chinese literature, and in a measure to justify their position in the Chinese scheme of education. It is interesting to find the Golden Rule itself as well as other maxims which most of us, perhaps, have been accustomed to regard as exclusively Christian anticipated by close on 500 years by two Chinese philosophers, claiming, so far as we are aware, no inspiration whatever. Less known, but equally noteworthy, is the Confucian idea of the Deity. The careful reader cannot fail to be struck by the grandeur and simplicity of the conception, especially when he considers the monstrous and grotesque imaginations of the sage's contemporaries both in Europe and Asia. In these days, when Buddhism and Mohammedanism and every other "ism" (including presumably the "fancy religions" evolved by female novelists), find adherents among us, the restless searcher after something new might do worse than try Confucianism; but, if he is in earnest, he will find "the way hard to follow".

"A Chinese poem", says the Professor, "is at best a hard nut to crack, expressed, as it usually is, in lines of five or seven monosyllabic root-ideas, without inflection, agglutination, or grammatical indication of any kind." After this appalling description, our readers will probably desire to hear no more of Chinese poetry. Yet there are some fine pieces and many worth reading in the very liberal number of specimens which Professor Giles has given us. By the way, the poets of old describe themselves, almost to a man, as drunkards of the first order. This is probably nothing more than poetic licence: at all events nowadays it is an extremely rare thing to see a drunken native in China.

Life is not long enough for the appreciation of the Chinese novel. By almost hydraulic compression, aided, we fancy, by a considerable amount of bowdlerisation, the Professor gives us a very readable abstract of the famous "Hung Lou Meng": but in its unregenerate state it runs to 4,000 pages and deals with 400 characters!! In fact, the only one of the representative novels which recommends itself to us is the "Strange Stories" of P'u Sung-lin. Their "incomparable style" has won for these stories a place in the domain of true literature, an honour which is otherwise denied to novels and dramas in China. But the "Liao Chai" have other, and, to European minds, far stronger, claims on admiration. Reading through the very interesting extracts given in this book, we are strongly reminded now of Hans Andersen, again of the "Arabian Nights", and yet again, as the Professor points out, both of "Alice through the Looking Glass" and of W. S. Gilbert's "Sweethearts", surely good enough company for any writer of fiction, Chinese or European, to keep. If the bulk of P'u Sung-lin's work at all

equals the samples here given us, we can only hope that one of these days Professor Giles will give us an English version of the "Strange Stories".

The gentle, yet keen-edged, satire of "The Journey to the Country of Gentlemen" should not be missed: the reader should remember of course that the soldier and Yamèn-runner are in China looked upon as symbols of oppression and extortion. The section on medical jurisprudence will amuse Western students: on the other hand, the story of Dr. Hua (p. 278), when cleared of the rubbish that has gathered round it in later times, points to a knowledge both of anæsthetics and of antiseptics in A.D. 200. Finally, there is a small collection of anecdotes and proverbs: Orientals are past masters in this branch of literature, and these specimens are mostly very good.

One word more: the reader will search vainly through this book for a Chinese equivalent of "Scots wha hae" or the "Marseillaise" or Napier's stirring account of Albuera. Patriotic literature in short does not exist: it is foreign to the genius of the people: and we see the result.

We can cordially recommend this book to all who would care to have a bowing acquaintance with a very curious, and, to us, practically unknown literature.

A SKETCH OF THE REFORMATION.

"The Reformation, a Religious and Historical Sketch."

By J. A. Babington. London: Murray. 1901. 12s. net.

IT is undeniable that we need a new and thorough investigation of the Reformation as a great world-movement. But has the time quite come for it, or the man? It is not a task to be undertaken lightly, even in England, at a day when Stubbs and Creighton and Maitland and Acton have set the standards of achievement and research. Of our known writers, now that the two first-named are dead, it is hard to think of one who could undertake the task with the adequate equipment, legal, historical, theological. Bishop Stubbs could have done it before he was bishop. Bishop Creighton, if he had tried, could hardly have failed. Now we are falling among a race of investigators rather than scholars, and, more dangerous perhaps still, among men who do not know when they are partisans. There were giants in those days.

So we must be content with sketches, and very able and brilliant sketches too we expect and we get. A vast amount of really sound and original work is put nowadays, without the slightest advertisement, into little books, without notes or references, very short and clear cut in outline, work which only specialists know to be good. The Rev. J. A. Babington comes before us with work which makes this kind of claim. He tells us that the subject, in theology and history, has occupied his thoughts for more than twenty-five years, and that while he has not neglected the moral, theological and ecclesiastical aspects of the movement, he has tried to show "that it indirectly produced political, national, and international results of the highest importance". The book is one that is opened with interest and read with ease. No one who knows the history of the time can doubt that it is based upon wide reading or that the author has thought seriously upon every phase of his work. But it is a sadly disappointing book. In two ways it seems to us far too limited in aim. If it is a mistake for a reader to complain of what a book is not, it is certainly one which readers will always be incorrigible in committing. We say, most of us, that, unless a book is very bright and clever indeed, we do not want "a religious and historical sketch" in which, as its author tells us, professed students of history or theology will find nothing that they did not know already: and Mr. Babington's book is not very bright and clever. Nor can we be satisfied nowadays with a policy of isolation. Mr. Babington is content to trace the progress of the Evangelical doctrines only in those countries where success was temporarily or eventually secured. He has, for that reason, thought it advisable, he tells us, to pass over Italy, Spain, Portugal, Bavaria and Ireland. Surely this is

unscientific. If the general public, for whom the book is designed, the "thoughtful members of the Protestant Churches who are interested in religious questions, who are anxious to understand the Reformation better, and who wish to know what the aims, the principles, and the methods of the Reformers were", desire to read intelligently about a movement of such vast importance as that which convulsed Europe in the sixteenth century, they must know what were the forms which it took, what were the obstacles it encountered, in the countries where it failed no less than in those where it succeeded. Why did some countries reject "a great spiritual emancipation"? The story is only half told when the aim is limited as Mr. Babington limits.

But that is not our only general demurrer. Mr. Babington, even for the unlearned, perhaps most of all for the unlearned, ought to have given references or at least lists of authorities. We hear his defence, but cannot accept it. The book is too serious to be cast upon the world like a collection of essays as Dr. Johnson defined them—"a loose sally of the mind, an ill-digested, ill-conditioned piece". Mr. Babington's book is most certainly neither ill-digested nor ill-conditioned. Why should he make it look as if it were? It is not, then, a book for detailed criticism. The sketch, written from the point of view of one who writes "not as a member of any particular Church, but as one who can sympathize deeply with all the Evangelical churches, and who can recognise and admire the distinctive merits of each of them", is done temperately and pleasantly enough. The work throughout is that of a cultivated scholar. Politics and literature and doctrine, Lutherans, Calvinists, Zwinglians, Germans, Frenchmen, Scandinavians, all have their turn, and are treated fairly, even sympathetically, great as were their differences. Books of writers so dissimilar as Luther and Languet are skilfully analysed. Characters, notably that of Cranmer, are happily estimated and depicted. On the other hand here and there the cloven hoof of the partisan peeps out. The pages, for instance, in which Mr. Babington, considering together the different revisions of the Common Prayer, from 1549 onwards, sums them up, in words which might make even historians jib, will certainly be quaint reading for liturgiologists. At its best indeed this "religious and historical sketch" is disappointing.

ROUMANIA.

"Rumania in 1900." By G. Bengier. London: Asher. 1901. 10s. net.

OLD times have died hardest in the East of Europe, and we may still detect in Roumania many characteristics of the old Roman colony. The language, dress, type and manners of the peasantry remain more Roman than anything which modern Italy can show. Here is a fine field for the philologist, the archaeologist and the ethnologist. As a quarry may be read by a geologist, so does this romantic little country expose to the political philosopher all the strata of succeeding civilisations,—the Moldo-Wallachian pleiocene, the miocene of Rome, now finally the loose shingle of modern constitutions. And the present face of the land is as interesting in its way as any scars of the past. Here we may watch the operation of premature reforms, the assimilation of a wild Latin race by Teutonic military methods, and the early stages of that megalomania which leads countries so far—or so far astray. We may build up theories of State socialism or pull down the dogmas of agriculture; we may imagine solutions of the Eastern question either in Bessarabia or Macedonia, the absorption of Roumania by Russia, or of Turkey by Roumania. We may scan the career of a strait Hohenzollern as drill-sergeant of a romantic people or follow the dreams of Carmen Sylva when she interprets their mediæval soul. We may stray from the merriment of Bucharest to the smiling peace of Jassy or Craiova, the feverish activity of Galatz or the sombre magnificence of Sinaia. We shall find a realm of paradox, a period of successful blunders, an inexplicably lucky equilibrium. A people of Western origin champions the Eastern Church, yet submits to secular

oppression; hereditary serfs are suddenly emancipated without detriment either to themselves or their masters; traditions are torn up by the roots, yet institutions seem to be fertilized thereby. In fine, it is a sort of looking-glass land, where everything appears topsy-turvy yet somehow contrives to harmonise à rebours. The more we study Roumania, the more shall we be struck by the excellent material she offers for an absorbing book with all the glamour of romance and all the interest of realism. And, apart from intrinsic attraction, she charms as a terra incognita absurdly easy of access. More is known about Abyssinia or Uganda or Timbuctoo or the Caroline Islands than about Roumania, which may be reached in a few hours by train de luxe. How great therefore must be the impulse to lose no time in ordering a big book, which is presumably a pioneer monograph on this fascinating theme! And how great would be the disappointment of anyone who ordered Mr. Bengier's volume in expectation of filling the lacuna. Hopes of an highly-coloured picture would needs find satisfaction in a plain geometrical chart. Statistics, catalogues, synopses, schedules, averages, articles of treaties and sections of acts,—these are the only materials which occur to this consular-general for the production of a book. His political chapter may be taken as a specimen: first, there is a table of districts with figures of their population in 1876, in 1899, and "per 1,000 hectares"; then a table of chief towns with population and remarks, in this wise:

"26 Tulcea . . . 19,700 In Dobruja; port on the Danube;"

then a few obvious facts, headed, "organic laws and constitution"; then a page on the succession; then a synopsis of the diplomatic service; and finally a summary of the "legal status of foreigners in Rumania". Never is any subject of general interest touched upon and we are bound to lament the extraordinary sacrifice of a unique opportunity. Even as a work of reference for traders there is little to commend: neither fresh facts nor lucid arrangement nor intelligent commentary. While exaggerating the traditional heaviness of German authorship, Herr Bengier fails to import the painstaking method and scientific acumen of his countrymen. Here is a sample of clumsiness, selected at random: "The Berlin chemist, Bischoff, who was commissioned to examine the Rumanian red wines, has pronounced them to be fully equal to claret and the best Italian wines." Apart from the fact that no Roumanian wine can compare with the best Italian wines, it suffices to reply that there is claret and claret. The affirmation that a certain wine is "fully equal to claret" reminds us of the rustic witness, cross-examined as to the size of a certain stone and announcing triumphantly that it was about as big as a lump of chalk. The more we read this book, the more must we dispute its claim to translation, and even the baldness of the original cannot excuse the badness of its English version. The very title is not English in orthography.

SAFELY UNDISTINGUISHED.

"The Transition Period." By G. Gregory Smith. London: Blackwood. 5s. net.

THIS belongs to a series of volumes appearing under the auspices of Professor Saintsbury, some of which have been duly noticed in these columns, and there is nothing to distinguish it from its predecessors. It deals, as the author informs us in the preface, "with the main European Literatures of the Fifteenth Century when, according to critical tradition, the ideals of the mediæval world were transformed to the fashions of modern art". And the author goes on to observe that in his treatment of the subject he has "endeavoured to discredit the pleasant fiction which abides with us too securely that the change from the Old to the New came suddenly and strangely as at the pass of a harlequin's wand". The Fifteenth Century is not a period with which modern readers are, as a rule, profoundly acquainted, but such a fiction, pleasant or unpleasant, as Mr. Gregory Smith proposes to discredit is, as he must

be well aware, a hypothetical absurdity of his own creation. A writer may be excused, especially if he be a young man, for asserting his superiority to his readers, but it is a somewhat cumbrous device to base his pretensions to that superiority by assuming that they are fools.

We are obliged to own that we have neither been much edified nor much interested by Mr. Smith's attempt to discredit this fiction, and that when we closed his volume our impression was pretty much that which the parson and the sermon left on Tennyson's farmer—

"I thowt a said whot a owt to 'a said an' I coom'd awāy."

In other words Mr. Smith, at his best, is an industrious and painstaking student who knows where to go for the information he requires, and how to reproduce and arrange it with exactness and precision. If, in his survey of the European literatures of the fifteenth century, and the survey includes those of England, Scotland, France, Italy, Spain, Portugal and Germany, he has fallen into inaccuracies of fact we can only say that we have not detected them, and that in two or three instances where we thought he had tripped verification proved that he was correct. His critical judgments though sometimes questionable and too often inadequate and superficial are never absurd and demonstrably erroneous. As a general rule he does say what he ought to say. We only wish he could say it with a little more distinction. To the higher qualities of the historian and critic he has not the smallest pretension. His work simply resolves itself into brief notices and estimates of particular works and particular writers and these have all the appearance of being mere compilations. The moment generalisation—the real test of learning as distinguished from compilation, and ability as distinguished from industry—is attempted it is the signal either for platitude or for pretentious nonsense as here for instance: "The lesson of the restlessness or what we may call the 'fluidity' of the Middle Period is that there is no sudden break in the development of European literature"; and here "the coming Renaissance strongly dominated by an intellectual cynicism accepted the idea of finality in a more fatalistic mood and contemplated it with an almost pleasing melancholy". Mr. Smith's ambition, happily for himself and for his readers, does not often tempt him to assay flights like this last. Serpit humi tutus, and on the whole he does well to remain there.

CRIMINAL EVIDENCE FROM FRANCE.

"Studies of French Criminals." By H. B. Irving. London: Heinemann. 1901. 10s. net.

THE study of our great neighbour's rats and ferrets; in other words, of her criminals and police, has long been a favourite one with English writers. Not, as Mr. Irving justly observes, because French crimes are more atrocious than those of other nations, but because their criminal procedure gives to a great trial a dramatic and fascinating interest which our methods in England do not allow. But while the author has traversed a somewhat well-worn road and tells of trials, some of which have been described in a recent work, his narrative is so well written as to justify the book. We feel in reading his account of a series of great crimes and their unravelling that Mr. Irving is telling us just what we wanted to learn. At the same time it may be well to say that this sort of book, while interesting and sometimes fascinating reading, does no more to advance the scientific study of crime than well-written reports of remarkable trials. They are evidence, and are so far valuable, but for a summing-up of such cases, and for deductions which may lead to reform in crude criminal methods and the ultimate elimination of crime, as distinct from disease, we shall have to look elsewhere. Mr. Irving remarks that the study of criminal anthropology has attained considerable dimensions on the Continent but he considers the results to have been disappointing, the attempt to connect criminals with savages having broken down, and he quotes the observation of Mr. Goldwin Smith that the persistent criminal has his

status in nature and society as an organism to whom altruistic pleasure simply does not appeal. We cannot admit that the scientific study of the criminal has failed, rather it has only just begun. As to the imaginary status of the evil-doer in nature and society, nature and society are more strongly differentiated than Mr. Irving seems to imagine. The tiger must be indifferent to suffering, to live; the pike must be voracious to exist; the parasite will prey, by very instinct, upon the creature in which it has its habitation; but man is a family, living by ideals as well as instincts. To apply to him the laws that govern the lower animals and the unconscious world, is unsound, because they have largely ceased to operate on him. The nature of the human race is to be unnatural, if one may venture to employ that misused term; the whole of civilisation is of course artificial, and neither the laws nor the instincts which fashion and guide the animal kingdoms have unrestricted application in the world of men. The question to be considered is what are the ways of *human* nature; how far are men and women prone to evil, and how much of it is forced unwillingly upon them either by twists of temperament or by bad social conditions?

We agree that the root of all real crime is selfishness, indifference to the sufferings of others; insensibility to the feelings of surrounding life. And Mr. Irving gives us a glimpse of an ideally bad sample of humanity in his opening chapter. This interesting specimen was Lacenaire; a man of considerable capacity although apparently wanting in balance and application, for he tried his hand at several sorts of employment but stuck to none of them.

And going through the other cases in the book we find much evidence of that subtle "something wrong" which might explain and may excuse so much. Campi, the double murderer, hides his head like an ostrich in the bedclothes to avoid arrest; Troppmann writes to the wife of one of his victims that he had given her husband the great sum of £20,000, which from a young man of his class was surely not a probable event. Euphrasie Mercier lived with two mad sisters and an insane brother—a truly ghastly household—for these she worked and strove and ultimately committed murder; who knows her responsibility?

We cannot agree that there is to the English mind something "a little comic" about sentimental considerations of mother and birthplace, sanity, environment, temptation, and all the items that lead up, or down, to action. To hate is the luxury of the ignorant or the unimaginative; we may remember Cardinal Manning's thought that the worst criminal was once a little child.

SCOTTISH WILDFOWLING.

"The Wildfowler in Scotland." By John Guille Millais. London: Longmans. 1901. 30s. net.

MR. MILLAIS is already favourably known to many readers by several interesting books on sport and natural history, notably by "A Breath from the Veldt"—one of the freshest works on the wild life of South Africa ever yet produced—and by that other excellent book "British Deer and their Horns". He has the advantage of being able to write lively descriptions of sport and nature, and at the same time to illustrate his text by clever and very characteristic sketches and drawings. He has, moreover, the advantage of being a first-rate sportsman, a fine shot and a close and patient observer. The present volume may be termed a sketch of the life of the author as a practical wildfowler. Ever since the age of nine Mr. Millais appears to have been bitten by the passion for shooting and collecting examples of the wild fowl of our North British coasts; he has devoted an appreciable part of a good many years to the pursuit, and the estuaries of the Eden and Tay, the Moray, Dornoch, Beaully and Cromarty Firths, and many other bays and inlets are well known to him. The wild coasts of the Orkneys seem to be peculiarly familiar to him. Here he has had some of his finest and most characteristic sport, in search of eiders, long-tailed duck and others of the rarer sea ducks and wild fowl of these northern latitudes. It took him nearly

seven years, for example, to collect an almost complete series of eider from the Orkney coasts, while North Uist has since yielded to him the further examples he required of the two-year-old eider duck at a certain stage of life and of the old drakes in "eclipse plumage". He evidently cherishes a particular love for the wild scapes of Hoy and Pomona in the far Orcades. "I know", he says, "it used to rain in torrents in those times, sometimes for days together, and the wind would howl and blow as it only can rage in those shelterless isles. For weeks it was foggy, cold, and wretched as Southern Patagonia. But all that is difficult to realise now; for somehow I have forgotten the rain, and only remember the sunshine, the green islands and the crystal sea. The darkness and the blinding sleet have vanished in the Nirvana of those things which have passed away, and there only remains the vision of those iron headlands crowned with golden spray; those sea-kissed skerries, sparkling in the summer sun, and the herds of seals lying there crowded and sleepy, as in some sheltered bower such as Kotick sought, beyond man's footsteps". That passage aptly illustrates the peculiar faculty of the sportsman and lover of nature for putting aside the dangers and discomforts of his past and calling up to memory those golden days and incidents which remain for him unfading pleasures to the last day of his existence. In truth the sportsman-naturalist seems to extract more real joy out of his existence than any other class of mankind.

Mr. Millais tells us of many memorable bags and incidents. One of his best days' sport was obtained one wild, wintry day on the shores of Loch Leven, when, with the help of Mr. P. D. Malloch, he brought down 108 mallard and teal. Hooded crows and black-backed gulls are extremely troublesome competitors with the wildfowl shooter on these occasions. On this day the breasts of no less than twenty-six duck, which had drifted ashore, were found to have been effectually picked and torn by "hoodies". By day the great black-backed gulls "work the whole of the Cromarty, the Moray and the Beaulieu Firths, picking up all the shore-shooters' and puntmen's cripples, and any other dead thing that comes under their acute vision".

There are passages of sport with almost every conceivable kind of northern wild fowl. There is, among other notable things, an account of the great annual gathering of wild geese at Loch Leven, on their way south from their Arctic summer quarters. Mr. Millais' notes on wild goose stalking and on the clever ways of these anything but foolish birds are excellent. The illustrations to this quarto are quite first-rate, as well as very numerous. The author has made great strides in his art and many of the drawings are masterly. The full-page illustrations of "Loch Leven in Spring", "Great Black-backed Gull Moving Wigeon", "Heron's Moving Wigeon", "Golden-Eyes in the Way", "Wild Geese Throwing out Sentries", "Mallard Preening" and "Tacking to Windward of Eiders" are highly artistic as well as true to wild life. This book should become a classic on Scottish wildfowling.

LITERARY NOTES.

Miss Mary Boyle who was a well-known figure in London society till within the last few years left an autobiography giving her reminiscences of Continental cities and of eminent men (Bulwer Lytton, W. Savage Landor, Edward Lord Derby, Charles Young, Benjamin Disraeli and others) who were her friends. The autobiography is edited by her nephew the late Sir Courtenay Boyle, who had almost completed the work at the time of his death last summer, when the labour was taken up by his widow. The book will be issued immediately by Mr. Murray. Churchmen and others interested in English ecclesiastical movements during the past half-century will anticipate with interest the correspondence of Archdeacon Denison—"the fighting Archdeacon"—which his niece Miss Louisa Denison has edited for Mr. Murray, who has also in preparation Lord Ronald Gower's "Old Diaries", a "Life of Sir William Arthur White, G.C.B., G.C.M.G. Consul and Ambassador", by H. Sutherland Edwards; the Autobiography of Sir Harry Smith of Aliwal; and Sir Edward Hertslet's "Recollections of the Old Foreign Office". Dr. Francis Fremantle, whose impressions

(Continued on page xii.)

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of war and of hospital work in South Africa are to be issued immediately by Mr. Murray under the title of "A Doctor in Khaki", went out to Table Bay in 1899 on the staff of the First Field Hospital. Mr. Murray also has nearly ready "The Commonwealth of Australia" by Professor Harrison Moore, of Melbourne; "A Book of British Song", edited by Cecil J. Sharp; and "The Valley of Decision", a novel of eighteenth-century life in Italy by Mrs. Edward Wharton.

Mr. George Allen has in the press the first and second volumes of The Young England Library edited by Mr. G. A. B. Dewar—"The Open-Air Boy" by the Rev. G. M. A. Hewett and "Sea Fights and Adventures" by Professor J. K. Laughton. "An Idler's Calendar", nature studies by A. Apperson; and "Pen Pictures", a series of descriptive passages selected from the works of Ruskin by Miss Caroline Wurtzburg, are also in Mr. Allen's list. "The Path to Rome", by Hilaire Belloc, is not a theological essay but a gossip concerning a tramp across Europe from the author's natal town to the Eternal City. Mr. Allen who announces the work has also in the press a volume of "Oxford University Sermons" arranged and edited by Principal Bebb.

"Maga" is publishing some articles by "Linesman" on the struggle in Natal. The final paper entitled "Night" will appear in the November issue of the magazine. The articles will form the basis of a volume to be issued during the first week of November by Messrs. William Blackwood and Sons. The author's aim, we are told, is to deal with "the human side of the great document of war". The same firm will publish in November "Cecil Rhodes: a Study of a Career" by Howard Hensman. The work, it is claimed, will prove both authoritative and informative; and its purpose is to "show Mr. Rhodes in his true relation to the events that have transpired in South Africa during the last quarter of a century". Messrs. Blackwood have nearly ready a work on "Sepoy Generals: Wellington to Roberts", the author of which is Mr. G. W. Forrest, C.I.E., of the India Office.

A work descriptive of a year's wanderings in the South Seas has been written for Messrs. A. and C. Black by Mr. Douglas B. Hall and Lord Albert Osborne. It will be issued under the title of "Sunshine and Surf". Pleasant days seem to have been spent by the travellers in the beautiful islands of Central and Western Polynesia, and they have brought back many interesting records in notebooks and photographs of the scenes among which they moved and the people whom they met. Mrs. Alec Tweedie's book on Mexico will be published almost immediately by Messrs. Hurst and Blackett.

Special interest attaches to the Life of S. Vincent de Paul in connexion with the attitude of the order bearing his name to the new French law respecting religious associations. A miniature biography of the saint written by Mr. James Adderley is to be issued this week by Mr. Edward Arnold simultaneously, by the way, with Mrs. Charles Bagot's "Links with the Past". Among Mr. Arnold's forthcoming novels may be mentioned "The Arbitrer", by Mrs. Hugh Bell; "Cynthia's Way", by Mrs. Alfred Sidgwick; and "The Fiery Dawn", by Miss M. E. Coleridge.

On Tuesday next Messrs. Duckworth will publish the English edition of Mr. Charles Hastings' "The Theatre: Its Development in France and England, and a History of its Greek and Latin Origins". The translation is the work of Frances A. Welby. Next week Messrs. Duckworth will issue two new novels—"Within the Radius", by Albert Kinross; and "A Soldier of Virginia", a tale of the days of Washington and Braddock, by Burton Egbert Stevenson, who dedicates his story "to the memory of the gallant men who fell with dust of bitter failure on their lips that others might be taught the lesson of the Wilderness".

A second series of "State Trials", edited by H. L. Stephen, is announced by Messrs. Duckworth. The same firm promise at the end of October a new edition of "The Country Month by Month", by J. A. Owen and Professor Boulger, with notes by the late Lord Lilford.

Messrs. Wells Gardner, Darton and Co. have in preparation a volume of recent "Sermons Under the Dome", by the Bishop of London; and "Reasons Why I am a Catholic and not a Roman Catholic", by the late Charlotte M. Yonge; a series of simple papers on Church history by one whose influence on the young was, perhaps, incalculable.

Three new volumes of the Oxford Classical Texts may be expected shortly from the Clarendon Press—(1) "Homeri Ilias", Tom. I. by D. B. Monro and T. W. Allen; (2) "Euripidis Tragediæ", Tom. I. by G. G. A. Murray; and (3) "Ciceronis Opera Rhetorica", by A. S. Wilkins.

"Nova Legenda Anglie" as collected by John of Tynemouth, John Capgrave and others, and first printed, with new lives, by Wynkyn de Worde, A.D. MDXUI. has been re-edited with fresh material from MS. and printed sources, by Carl Horstman, Ph.D. This work, which must prove of great importance to students of early English ecclesiastical history and of hagiology in particular, is announced by the Clarendon Press.

(Continued on page xiv.)

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